

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review ;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

THE CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON.
Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron ; detailing the principal Occurrences of his Private Life, his Opinions on Society, Manners, Literature, &c. ; noted during a Six Months' Residence with him at Pisa, in 1821 and 1822. By THOMAS MEDWIN, Esq. of the 24th Light Dragoons. 4to. pp. 345. London, 1824.

When, last week, we availed ourselves of a few extracts, from Capt. Medwin's work, which, like pilot-balloons, had been sent to ascertain how the current of public opinion stood, we carefully avoided giving any remark as to the work itself. We were well aware of the deep and universal interest which is inseparable from the name of Byron, and, in these days of puffs prelude, we were not surprised to find Mr. Medwin's friends endeavouring to clear the course for him, when, by doing so, they could get a start for themselves. Mr. Medwin's volume was published in the course of Saturday last, and, having it now before us, we proceed, in pursuance of our pledge, to enter on it more formally than we could do from the partially selected anecdotes which Mr. M. or his friends had given to the world.

The public has, for some time, been anxiously expecting this work, which has been most abundantly announced ; advertisements, in every shape that ingenuity can invent, have caught our eye, which, beginning how they might, like a lottery puff, always ended in the same way. Byron, we were told, had his Boswell, as well as Dr. Johnson ; how far the gossips can properly be compared we shall soon show.

We are well aware that Mr. Medwin's book will be read by all classes (that can afford 31s. 6d. for it), from the Land's End to John-o-Groat's ; aye, and from 'Indus to the Pole,' for there is that in it which will suit most palates. The admirers of Byron, who read every thing that concerns him, will seize with avidity on a work which purports to exhibit their idol as he really appeared ; his enemies will be no less anxious to seek for new means of recrimination, or confirmation of their pre-conceived opinions ; and all who do not come under these two classes will be no less eager to see what Byron was in himself, and what he thought of others, as well as to learn the secret history of a life so involved in mystery, and to become acquainted with those intrigues in which he was said to have so freely indulged ; indeed, as it was believed his auto-biographical

memoirs had been destroyed on account of their indelicate details, it was supposed that some of his amours would be recorded by Mr. Medwin. In this the public is not disappointed : and lest the reader, on opening the volume, should have any doubts on the subject, the title-page is succeeded by the following very significant—

ADVERTISEMENT.

'The publisher of this book thinks it proper to state, that he felt desirous of suggesting to the author, who is abroad, the suppression of certain passages ; but finding that these, among various others, had been extracted, with the author's permission, from the original manuscript before it came into his possession, and also that they have now appeared in print, he has no longer considered it necessary to urge their suppression in the present volume.'

If the disposition which Eve betrayed, and by which man fell, does not receive a whet by such an announcement as this, why then human nature has changed much in the last six thousand years : a more adroit manœuvre to secure a purchaser was never invented, and he must either have been without money, or possessed of a great deal of prudence, who did not swallow the bait. 'Every thing is fair in war time,' say the belligerents ; and tricks in trade are as common as those of conjurors, and often more expensive.

It will be seen by the publisher's 'advertisement' that there are passages in the work which he thinks should have been suppressed, but that, finding they had been 'extracted with the author's permission from the original manuscript,' he did not consider it necessary to urge their suppression. The publisher, no doubt, alludes to the extracts given in the *Attic Miscellany* : how they were obtained we stated, and we know more of the coquetry on this subject than we now deem it necessary to detail. Our present purpose is to point out a singular discrepancy between the author and the publisher. The publisher has distinctly stated that Mr. Medwin had allowed extracts to be made from the original manuscript before it came into his (the publisher's) possession, and that those extracts had 'appeared in print.' Now let us see what the author himself says in his preface. Speaking of the *Conversations of Lord Byron*, Mr. Medwin says :—

'They were communicated during a period of many months' familiar intercourse, without any injunctions to secrecy, and committed to paper for the sake of reference only ; they have not been shown to any one individual, and, but for the fate of his ma-

nuscript, would never have appeared before the public.'

We leave the author and his publisher to reconcile the incongruities we have pointed out. Mr. Medwin has been compared to Boswell ; that both were attentive listeners and gossips we admit, but here the comparison ceases : Boswell related numerous traits of the eccentric character of Dr. Johnson, but, had he thought one line would have been taken for an imputation on his morals, he would have burnt the whole manuscript. Far different has been the conduct of Mr. Medwin, for his most piquant anecdotes are the amours and intrigues of Lord Byron, which are couched under the modest phrase of *liaisons*. Mr. Medwin tells us that the *Conversations of Byron* 'were communicated during a period of many months' familiar intercourse, without any injunction to secrecy.' This we can readily believe : Lord Byron says, in some part of this work, that, 'after dinner, the conversation takes a certain turn ;' but is it expected that we should, at that moment, lock the doors, and say,—'Now, as we are going to talk what we please, let us bind ourselves to an oath of secrecy?' Certainly not. There is a tacit understanding in all societies, that what passes among friends in confidence and in unguarded moments, should not be related to their prejudice ; and the obligation is equally, if not more binding towards the memory of those we esteemed.

Mr. Medwin says the *Conversations* were committed to paper for the sake of reference only, and adds that, but for the fate of his (Lord Byron's) MSS., 'they would never have appeared before the public.' Mr. Medwin is an officer in the army, and therefore a man of honour ; he practised pistol-shooting at Pisa with Lord Byron, and is therefore a good shot : we mention these circumstances to prevent any individual from questioning the truth of his assertion. We must, however, observe, that neither his own intimacy with Lord Byron, nor the want of any injunction to secrecy on the part of his lordship, ought to have induced him to publish those details of his private life which Lord B. would not have given to the public himself : we say would not, for although his own *Memoirs* are destroyed, yet we unhesitatingly assert that they could contain nothing half so bad as the stories which Mr. M. makes the noble bard relate of himself. Mr. Medwin states that Lord Byron lent Lady Burghersh a copy of his *Memoirs*, and that her ladyship copied the whole. Now, can it be believed that Lord Byron would insult Lady Bur-

bersh, with a history of his intrigues with married women in England and Italy?—Would he tell her that he once saw four ladies together, including his own wife, who were all ‘birds of the same nest?’ Or, had he done so, would not Lady Burghersh have called on her lord to avenge the insult, instead of transcribing this modern Faublas.

In the course of our extracts we will not give the *liaisons* of Lord Byron to confirm our remarks, because we will not stain our pages with details of his lordship’s intrigues and amours, as they are easily found in the volume, particularly between pp. 66 to 73. Mr. Medwin tells us that Lord Byron declared he never seduced a woman in his life; this reminds us of Quin the actor, who, being asked if he ever made love, replied—‘No, he always had it ready made;’ as Lord Byron was, according to Mr. Medwin, no Joseph, he must have found his mistresses already seduced to his hands.

Mr. Medwin’s work, which is published at so extravagant a price, that about one third of the original matter it contains was given in one third of a morning paper a few days ago, is a very rambling and desultory production. We are perpetually meeting with observations of Lord Byron that he has already printed, such as that he would not go to see Miss O’Neil, lest it should lessen the impression of Mrs. Siddons’s acting. But a truce to our complaints against Mr. Medwin’s, and as we feel much more pleasure in pointing out its merits than its defects. The author, no doubt, had excellent opportunities of conversing with Lord Byron, and many of the conversations he records were the genuine transcripts of his lordship’s mind; his opinions of his contemporaries, wayward as they are, will always be looked for with interest, and we doubt not that, in general, they are faithfully recorded: the work, too, contains numerous anecdotes of great interest, and we repeat, what we have already said, that all the world will read it.

Mr. Medwin commences with an account of his introduction to Lord Byron, at the Lanfranchi palace at Pisa, and of the reception he met with. His lordship had an English bull-dog at the top of the staircase, and Fletcher, for his valet, of whose classical taste Mr. M. relates, that when he saw the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, he exclaimed, ‘La! what mantel-pieces these would make, my lord!’*. Lord Byron’s person Mr. M. thus describes:—

‘His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded, for the lips and chin had that curved and definite outline that distinguishes Grecian beauty. His forehead was high and his temples broad; and he had a paleness in his complexion almost to wanness. His hair, thin and fine, had almost become grey, and waved in natural and graceful curls over his head, that

* The Greeks appear to be turning them to a less innocent purpose,—nothing less than the making the Parthenon into shot, one of which Mr. Blaquiere brought home, and presented to the Greek committee.—REV.

was assimilating itself fast to the “bald first Cæsar’s.” He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is accustomed to be worn, and at that time had mustachios, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features, it might, perhaps, be said, that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other; they were of a greyish brown, but of a peculiar clearness, and, when animated, possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspirations of his own. His teeth were small, regular, and white; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve.’

The pains were not a little singular, according to Mr. Medwin,—nothing less than using tobacco when going into the open air, and sleeping with a napkin in his mouth to prevent his teeth from grinding! Lord Byron was in height five feet seven or eight.

Lord Byron’s breakfast consisted of a cup of strong green tea, without milk or sugar, and the yoke of an egg; he lived much on vegetables, and drank two bottles of wine at dinner, and a pint of hollands nearly every night, to which he said he owed all his inspiration, and designated it as the true Hippocrène. It is impossible to conceive a more unvaried life than his lordship led: billiards, conversation, or reading, filled up the time until he took his evening drive, ride, or pistol-practice.

We have no recollection of Lord Byron’s having been often engaged in duels, either as principal or second, yet Mr. Medwin makes him say he was; we presume, however, that they took place while he was at school. Mr. Medwin says:—

‘Lord Byron is an admirable horseman, combining grace with the security of his seat. He prides himself much in this exercise. He conducted us for some miles, till we came to a farm-house, where he practises pistol-firing every evening. This is his favourite amusement, and may indeed almost be called a pursuit. He always has pistols in his holster, and eight or ten pair, by the first makers in London, carried by his courier. We had each twelve rounds of ammunition, and in a diameter of four inches he put eleven out of twelve shots. I observed his hand shook exceedingly. He said that when he first began at Manton’s he was the worst shot in the world, and Manton was perhaps the best. The subject turned upon duelling, and he contended for its necessity, and quoted some strong arguments in favour of it.

“I have been concerned,” said he, “in many duels as second, but only in two as principal; one was with Hobhouse, before I became intimate with him. The best marksmen at the target are not the surest in the field. Cecil’s and Stackpoole’s affair proved this. They fought after a quarrel of three years, during which they were practising daily. Stackpoole was so good a shot, that he used to cut off the heads of the fowls for dinner, as they drank out of the coops about. He had every wish to kill his antagonist, but he received his death-blow

from Cecil, who fired rather fine, or rather was the quickest shot of the two. All he said when falling, was, ‘D—n it, have I missed him?’ Shelley is a much better shot than I am, but he is thinking of metaphysics rather than of firing.”

Lord Byron dined at half an hour after sunset, then visited the Countess Guiccioli (a lady of 33 married to a man of 60), with whom he passed several hours, returned, and read or wrote until two or three o’clock in the morning.

We have already quoted Lord Byron’s statements as to his marriage, honeymoon, and separation; he denies all imputations as to Mrs. Mardyn; but he confesses that, on Lady Noel, or her confidant, breaking into his desk, a book was found, which did little credit to his taste in literature, and contained some letters from a married woman, with whom he had been intimate before his marriage. The letters, Lady Byron sent to the husband of the lady, who had the good sense to take no notice of their contents.’

Sir Ralph Noel (his father-in-law) he describes as a good sort of a man, who had always a leg of mutton served at his table, ‘that he might cut the same joke on it;’ as for Lady Noel, she always detested his lordship, and, malicious or ridiculous as it may seem, expressed joy when he cracked a tooth instead of a joke at table. On his separation, he says:—

‘All my former friends, even my cousin, George Byron, who had been brought up with me, and whom I loved as a brother, took my wife’s part. He followed the stream when it was strongest against me, and can never expect any thing from me; he shall never touch a sixpence of mine; I was looked upon as the worst of husbands, the most abandoned and wicked of men, and my wife as a suffering angel, an incarnation of all the virtues and perfections of the sex. I was abused in the public prints, made the common talk of private companies, hissed as I went to the House of Lords, insulted in the streets, afraid to go to the theatre, whence the unfortunate Mrs. Mardyn had been driven with insult. The Examiner was the only paper that dared say a word in my defence, and Lady Jersey the only person in the fashionable world that did not look upon me as a monster.’

Love first inspired Lord Byron’s muse, and the subject of it was Miss Chudleigh, a relation of the gentleman whom his uncle killed in a duel. Of this uncle we are told:

‘After that melancholy event, he shut himself up at Newstead, and was in the habit of feeding crickets, which were his only companions. He had made them so tame as to crawl over him, and used to whip them with a whisp of straw, if too familiar. When he died, tradition says, that they left the house in a body. I suppose I derive my superstition from this branch of the family; but though I attend to none of these new-fangled theories, I am inclined to think that there is more in a chart of the skull than the Edinburgh Reviewers suppose.’

Lord Byron ill brooked school-discipline, but speaks with kindness of his school-fel-

lows at Harrow his favourite:—
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lows at Harrow, of whom Lord Clare was his favourite:—

‘There are,’ said he, ‘two things that strike me at this moment which I did at Harrow: I fought Lord Calthorpe for writing “Atheist” under my name; and preventing the school-room from being burnt during a rebellion, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.’

Every one has read or heard of the drinking skull, and, to heighten the horror it was calculated to inspire, it was stated to have belonged to one of his ancestors; few have, however, heard Lord Byron’s version of the story, which we quote:—

‘There had been found by the gardener, in digging, at Newstead, a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the abbey about the time it was dismonastried.

‘Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking-cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it was returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour, like tortoise-shell; (Colonel Wildman now has it). I remember scribbling some lines about it; but that was not all; I afterwards established at the Abbey a new order. The members consisted of twelve, and I elected myself Grand Master, or Abbot of the Skull, a grand heraldic title. A set of black gowns, mine distinguished from the rest, was ordered, and, from time to time, when a particular hard day was expected, a chapter was held; the crane was filled with claret, and, in imitation of the Goths of old, passed about to the gods of the consistory, while many a prime joke was cut at its expense.’

Of Lord Byron’s religious opinions, Mr. Medwin says, it was difficult to judge, but he thinks ‘his wavering never amounted to a disbelief in the divine founder of Christianity.’ He was no friend to the missionaries, and states that—

‘Sir J. Malcolm said at Murray’s, before several persons, that the Padres, as he called them, had only made six converts at Bombay during his time, and that even this black little flock forsook their shepherd when the rum was out. Their faith evaporated with the fumes of arrack.’

Lord Byron does not, however, appear to have been very well acquainted with religious sects, if Mr. Medwin quotes him correctly, for he is made to say that ‘Wesley preached the doctrine of election,’ whereas his whole life was employed in preaching against it; and it was on this very point that Wesley and Whitfield disagreed. His lordship seems to have been favorite game for conversion; his wife and sister sent him prayer-books, a Mr. Mulock tried to convert him to a new sect, and a Mr. Shepard sent him a letter inclosing a prayer, made by his wife, for Lord Byron’s welfare, a few days before her death:—

‘The letter (said his lordship) states that he has had the misfortune to lose this amiable woman, who had seen me at Ramsgate,

many years ago, rambling among the cliffs; that she had been impressed with a sense of my irreligion from the tenor of my works, and had often prayed fervently for my conversion, particularly in her last moments. The prayer is beautifully written. I like devotion in women. She must have been a divine creature. I pity the man who has lost her! I shall write to him by return of the courier to condole with him, and tell him that Mrs. S. need not have entertained any concern for my spiritual affairs, for that no man is more of a Christian than I am, whatever my writings may have led her and others to suspect.’

In the account of Lord Byron’s connection with Drury Lane Theatre, (when 500 plays were offered in a year,) his lordship is made to speak slightly of Shakspeare; because his comedies, forsooth, are ‘gross food, only fit for an English or German palate; they are indigestible to the French and Italians, the politest people in the world!’ The reason why they are indigestible to the French and Italians is still more extraordinary—because they are indecent! This is pretty well after the sketch his lordship gives of Italian decency from his own experience, and his complaint of the squeamishness of the English stage.

Lord Byron seems to have been very superstitious, he believed in fortune-telling, would not visit on a Friday, and had other strange fancies, in which, however, he was not altogether singular. Deeply rooted as Lady Byron’s enmity was, it appears to have been very different with his lordship, as the following anecdotes will show. Mr. M. says:—

‘I observed himself and all his servants in deep mourning. He did not wait for me to inquire the cause.

“I have just heard,” said he, “of Lady Noel’s death. I am distressed for poor Lady Byron! She must be in great affliction, for she adored her mother! The world will think I am pleased at this event, but they are much mistaken. I never wished for accession of fortune; I have enough without the Wentworth property. I have written a letter of condolence to Lady Byron,—you may suppose in the kindest terms,—beginning, ‘My dear Lady Byron.’

“If we are not reconciled, it is not my fault!”

“I shall be delighted,” I said, “to see you restored to her and to your country; which, notwithstanding all you say and write against it, I am sure you like. Do you remember a sentiment in the Two Foscari:—

“He who loves *not* his country, can love nothing.”

“I am becoming more weaned from it every day,” said he, after a pause, “and have had enough to wean me from it!—No! Lady Byron will not make it up with me now, lest the world should say that her mother only was to blame! Lady Noel certainly identifies herself very strongly in the quarrel, even by the account of her last injunctions; for she directs, in her will, that my portrait, shut up in a case by her orders,

shall not be opened till her grand-daughter be of age, and then not given to her if Lady Byron should be alive.”

Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, who to his other qualifications may now claim that of a prophet, told Lord Byron, many years ago, that he would never be able to condense his powers of writing sufficiently for the stage, and that the fault of all his plays would be their being too long for acting. Hogg seems to have been a better judge of his lordship’s dramatic powers than Byron himself, or than even Hogg is of his own.

On the subject of the stage, we have some stale observations, such as that Kemble reformed the costume, that Garrick played Othello in a red coat and epaulettes, that Kemble pronounced several words affectedly, &c. The following remark is however new: discussing the different actors of the day, Lord Byron said,—

‘Dowton, who hated Kean, used to say that his Othello reminded him of Obi, or three-fingered Jack, not Othello. But whatever his Othello might have been, Garrick himself never surpassed him in Iago. I am told that Kean is not so great a favourite with the public since his return from America, and that party strengthened against him in his absence. I *guess* he could not have staid long enough to be spoiled: though I *calculate* no actor is improved by their stage. How do you *reckon*?’

There are two remarkable points in this extract: first, that Dowton should compare Kean’s acknowledged best performance to extravagant melo-drama; secondly, that Lord Byron, in 1822, should anticipate the *guess, calculate, and reckon*, of Charles Matthews in 1824. We may be told, that they are well known Americanisms; we admit it, but they did not become ‘household words’ until the spring of 1824.

Lord Byron says, Jeffrey did not write the critique on his Hours of Idleness; that he disowned it; and though he would not give up the aggressor, if his lordship went to Scotland, he would convince him who it was: this was surely very like giving him up. Byron says it was written by a lawyer. Is not Jeffrey a lawyer?

In the course of our notice we have quoted, and shall perhaps quote more, of Lord Byron’s poetry: the following is, however, from another pen. It is a sort of epitaph on Southey, and was sent to his lordship from Paris:—

‘Beneath these poppies buried deep,
The bones of Bob the bard lie hid;
Peace to his manes! and may he sleep
As soundly as his readers did.
‘Through every sort of verse meandering,
Bob went without a hitch or fall,—
Through Epic, Sapphic, Alexandrine,
To verse that was no verse at all;
‘Till fiction having done enough,
To make a bard at least absurd,
And give his readers *quantum suff*,
He took to praising George the Third:
‘And now, in virtue of his crown,
Dooms us, poor whigs, at once to slaughter;
Like Donellan of bad renown,
Poisoning us all with laurel-water.

'And yet at times some awkward qualms he
Felt about leaving honour's track;
And though he has got a butt of Malmsey,
It may not save him from a sack.

'Death, weary of so dull a writer,
Put to his works a *finis* thus:
O! may the earth on him lie lighter
Than did his quartos upon us.'

Lord Byron was always severe on his relative, the Earl of Carlisle, whose poetic talents he frequently ridiculed:—

'There was,' said Lord Byron, 'an epigram which had some logic in it, composed on the occasion of his lordship's doing two things in one day—subscribing £1000, and publishing a sixpenny pamphlet! It was on the state of the theatre, and dear enough at the money. The epigram, I think, I can remember:—

'Carlisle subscribes a thousand pound
Out of his rich domains;
And for a sixpence circles round
The produce of his brains.
Thus the difference you may hit
Between his fortune and his wit.'

In our former notice, we quoted Lord Byron's character of Sir Walter Scott's poetry and prose, and we now subjoin his lordship's opinions of some other of his contemporaries:—

Lord Strangford.—'I have been reading,' said I, 'The Lusiad, and some of Camoens's smaller poems. Why did Lord Strangford call his beautiful sonnets, &c. translations?'

"Because he wrote," said Lord Byron, "in order to get the situation of the Brazils, and did not know a word of Portuguese when he commenced."

"Moore was suspected of assisting his lordship," said I, "was that so?"

"I am told not," said Lord Byron. "They are great friends; and when Moore was in difficulty about the Bermuda affair, in which he was so hardly used, Lord Strangford offered to give him 500l.; but Moore had too much independence to lay himself under an obligation. I know no man I would go further to serve than Moore."

Moore.—'Moore is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his Irish Melodies; they will go down to posterity with the music; both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry.

'The Fudge Family pleases me as much as any of his works. The letter which he versified at the end was given him by Douglas Kinnaird and myself, and was addressed by the life-guardsmen, after the battle of Waterloo, to Big Ben. Witty as Moore's epistle is, it falls short of the original. "Doubling up the Mounseers in brass," is not so energetic an expression as was used by our hero—all the alliteration is lost.'

Campbell.—'The conversation turned after dinner on the lyrical poetry of the day, and a question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning *Ye Clouds*, &c.; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies, and

Campbell's *Hohenlinden*; and, had Lord Byron not been present, his own *Invocation to Manfred*, or *Ode to Napoleon*, or on *Prometheus*, might have been cited.

"Like Gray," said he, "Campbell smells too much of the oil; he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over-polish—the sharpness of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced."

Coleridge.—"Coleridge," said his lordship, "is like Solon in *Amphitryon*; he does not know whether he is himself or not. If he had never gone to Germany, nor spoiled his fine genius by the transcendental philosophy and German metaphysics, nor taken to write lay sermons, he would have made the greatest poet of the day. What poets had we in 1793? Hayley had got a monopoly, such as it was; Coleridge might have been any thing; as it is, he is a thing that dreams are made of."

'I have been much taken to task for calling *Christabel* a wild and singularly original and beautiful poem; and the reviewers very sagely come to a conclusion therefrom, that I am no judge of the compositions of others. *Christabel* was the original of all Scott's metrical tales, and that is no small merit. It was written in 1795, and had a pretty general circulation in the literary world, though it was not published until 1816, and then, probably, in consequence of my advice. One day, when I was with Sir Walter Scott (now many years ago), he repeated the whole of *Christabel*, and I then agreed with him in thinking this poem what I afterwards called it.'

Rogers.—'Mr. Medwin observed, is there one line of that poem (*The Pleasures of Memory*) that has not been altered and re-altered, till it would be difficult to detect in the patchwork any thing like the texture of the original stuff?

"Well," said Byron, "if there is not a line or a word that has not been canvassed, and made the subject of separate epistolary discussion, what does that prove but the general merit of the whole piece? And the correspondence will be valuable by and bye, and save the commentators a vast deal of labour and waste of ingenuity. People do wisest who take care of their fame when they have got it. That's the rock I have split on. It has been said that he has been puffed into notice by his dinners and Lady Holland. Though he gives very good ones, and female *Mæcenases* are no bad things now-a-days, it is by no means true. Rogers has been a spoiled child; no wonder that he is a little vain and jealous. And yet he deals praise very liberally sometimes; for he wrote to a little friend of mine, on the occasion of his late publication, 'that he was born with a rose-bud in his mouth and a nightingale singing in his ear'—two very prettily-turned orientalisms. Before my wife and the world quarrelled with me, and brought me into disrepute with the public, Rogers had composed some very pretty commendatory verses on me; but they were

kept corked up for many long years, under hope that I might reform and get into favour with the world again, and that the said lines (for he is rather costive and does not like to throw away his effusions) might find a place in 'human life.' But after a great deal of oscillation, and many a sigh at their hard destiny—their still-born fate—they were hermetically sealed, and adieu to my immortality."

* * * * *

Rogers is the only man I know who can write epigrams, and sharp bone-cutters too in two lines; for instance, that on an M. P. (now a peer) who had reviewed his book, and said he wrote very well for a banker—

"They say he has no heart, and I deny it; He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it."

Hobhouse.—'Hobhouse's Dissertation on Italian Literature is much superior to his notes on *Childe Harold*. Perhaps he understood the antiquities better than Nibbi or any of the Cicerones; but the knowledge is somewhat misplaced where it is. Shelley went to the opposite extreme, and never made any notes.

"Hobhouse has an excellent heart: he fainted when he heard a false report of my death in Greece, and was wonderfully affected at that of Matthews—a much more able man than the *Invalid*. You have often heard me speak of him. The tribute I paid to his memory was a very inadequate one, and ill expressed what I felt at his loss."

Leigh Hunt.—'Hunt would have made a fine writer, for he has a great deal of fancy and feeling, if he had not been spoiled by circumstances. He was brought up at the Blue-coat foundation, and had never till lately been ten miles from St. Paul's. What poetry is to be expected from such a course of education? He has his school, however, and a host of disciples.—A friend of mine calls Rimini, *Nimini Pimini*; and Follyage, *Follyage*. Perhaps he had a tumble in 'climbing trees in the Hesperides!' But Rimini has a great deal of merit. There never were so many fine things spoiled as in Rimini."

Madame de Staël.—'No woman had so much *bonne foi* as Madame de Staël: her's was a real kindness of heart. She took the greatest possible interest in my quarrel with Lady Byron, or, rather, Lady Byron's with me, and had some influence over my wife—as much as any person but her mother, which is not saying much. I believe Madame de Staël did her utmost to bring about a reconciliation between us. She was the best creature in the world.

'Somebody possessed Madame de Staël with an opinion of my immorality. I used occasionally to visit her at Coppet; and once she invited me to a family dinner, and I found the room full of strangers, who had come to stare at me as at some outlandish beast in a raree-show. One of the ladies fainted, and the rest looked as if his satanic majesty had been among them. Madame de Staël took the liberty to read me a lecture before this crowd, to which I only made her a low bow.

'Madame de Staël had great talent in

conversation and words. It was on that were all trying to go who can go h not the case with Speaking of ro The Monk is any language, no It only wanted on have rendered it made the Dæmo prosio. This wo interest. The M Lewis was only have exhausted al tings at that age h of magic wond Wordsworth.— Switzerland, used worth's physic, ev member then re with pleasure. F nature, which he cation of it:—tha poetry.—Since he tax-gatherer, he lasses and waggon Bowles.—'Bow de order of spiri fishing on for fam and jealous. W by praising his po Of his friend S numerous notices of connected me lers Shelley's Ele nis, as the most ions, and so She among the mour poet-friend, he dr the stanzas were the elegy):— 'Mid others of less A phantom among As the last cloud o Whose thunder is i Had gazed on natu Actæon-like; and With feeble steps o And his own thoug Pursued, like ragin their prey. His head was boun And faded violets, And a light spear, Round whose rou shone, Yet dripping with t Vibrated, as the ev Shook the weak ha crew He came the last, r A herd-abandoned dart!' Shelley, it is k Mediterranean, b rici, from the up For fifteen days a his body was u found, was not in order to comply v ned at Rome, his burnt; and Lord an executor, an

conversation and an overpowering flow of words. It was once said of a large party that were all trying to shine, "there is not one who can go home and think. This was not the case with her."

Speaking of romances, Lord Byron said,—
"The Monk is perhaps one of the best in any language, not excepting the German. It only wanted one thing, as I told Lewis, to have rendered it perfect. He should have made the Daemon really in love with Amleto. This would have given it a human interest. The Monk was written when Lewis was only twenty, and he seems to have exhausted all his genius on it. Perhaps at that age he was in earnest in his belief of magic wonders."

Wordsworth.—"Shelley, when I was in Switzerland, used to dose me with Wordsworth's physic, even to nausea, and I do remember then reading some things of his with pleasure. He had once a feeling of nature, which he carried almost to a deification of it:—that's why Shelley liked his poetry.—Since he (Wordsworth) is turned tax-gatherer, he is only fit to rhyme about asses and waggons."

Bowles.—"Bowles is one of the same little order of spirits, who has been fussily fishing on for fame, and is equally wasping and jealous. What could Coleridge mean by praising his poetry as he does?"

Of his friend Shelley, the poet, there are numerous notices in this volume, and a sort of connected memoir. Lord Byron considers Shelley's Elegy on Keats, entitled *Adonais*, as the most perfect of all his compositions, and so Shelley considered it himself. Among the mourners at the funeral of his poet-friend, he draws this portrait of himself: the stanzas were afterwards expunged from the elegy:—

"Mid others of less note came one frail form,—
A phantom among men—companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness
Acton-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps on the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
their prey.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue;
And a light spear, topp'd with a cypress cone
Round whose rough stem dark ivy tresses
shone,
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew),
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it. Of that
crew

He came the last, neglected and apart—
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's
dart!"

Shelley, it is known, was drowned in the Mediterranean, between Leghorn and Lercari, from the upsetting of an open boat. For fifteen days after the loss of the vessel, his body was undiscovered; and, when found, was not in a state to be removed. In order to comply with his wish of being buried at Rome, his corpse was directed to be burnt; and Lord Byron, faithful to his trust as an executor, and duty as a friend, super-

intended the ceremony, which Mr. Medwin thus describes:—

"18th August, 1822.—On the occasion of Shelley's melancholy fate I revisited Pisa, and, on the day of my arrival, learnt that Lord Byron was gone to the sea-shore, to assist in performing the last offices to his friend. We came to a spot marked by an old and withered trunk of a fir-tree; and near it, on the beach, stood a solitary hut, covered with reeds. The situation was well calculated for a poet's grave. A few weeks before I had ridden with him and Lord Byron to this very spot, which I afterwards visited more than once. In front, it was a magnificent extent of the blue and windless Mediterranean, with the Isles of Elba and Gorgona.—Lord Byron's yacht at anchor in the offing: on the other side an almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness, uncultivated and uninhabited, here and there interspersed in tufts, with underwood curved by the sea-breeze, and stunted by the barren and dry nature of the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along the coast stood high square towers, for the double purpose of guarding the coast from smuggling, and enforcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the Italian Alps, which are here particularly picturesque from their volcanic and manifold appearances, and which, being composed of white marble, gave their summits the resemblance of snow.

"As a foreground to this picture appeared as extraordinary a group. Lord Byron and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers of the guard; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage,—the four post-horses ready to drop with the intensity of the noonday sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curfew, which, perhaps attracted by the body, wheeled in such narrow circles round the pile that it might have been struck with the hand, and was so fearless, that it could not be driven away. Looking at the corpse, Lord Byron said,—

"Why, that old silk handkerchief retains its form better than that human body!"

"Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, when Lord Byron, agitated by the spectacle he had witnessed, tried to dissipate, in some degree, the impression of it by his favourite recreation. He took off his clothes, therefore, and swam off to his yacht, which was riding a few miles distant."

Perhaps no portion of Mr. Medwin's work will be read with greater interest than the poetical pieces by his lordship, some of which now appear for the first time, or are but very partially known. Of the latter class, is a piece of invective which Mr. Medwin says Lord Byron thus introduced:

"I will show you my Irish "Avatara." Moore tells me that it has saved him from writing on the same subject: he would have done it much better. I told M—— to get it published in Paris: he has sent me a few printed copies; here is one for you. I have

said that the Irish Emancipation, when granted, will not conciliate the Catholics, but will be considered as a measure of expediency, and the resort of fear. But you will have the sentiment in the words of the original.

THE IRISH AVATARA.

"True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,—

The rainbow-like epoch when Freedom could pause,

For the few little years out of centuries won,—

That betray'd not, and crush'd not, and wept

not her cause.

"True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,

The castle still stands, and the senate's no more;

And the famine that dwells on her freedomless crags,

Is extending its steps to her desolate shore:

"To her desolate shore, where the emigrant stands

For a moment to pause ere he flies from his hearth:

Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,

For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

Ay! roar in *his* train; let thine orators lash

Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride;

Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash

His soul on the freedom implored and denied!

"Ever-glorious Grattan! the best of the good!

So simple in heart—so sublime in the rest,

With all that Demosthenes wanted endued,

And his victor, or rival, in all he possessed.

"With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute—

With the fire of Prometheus to kindle man-kind;

Even Tyranny, listening, sat melted or mute,

And Corruption sank scorch'd from the glance of his mind.

"Ay! back to our theme—back to despots and slaves,

Feasts furnished by Famine—rejoicings by Pain;

True Freedom but welcomes, while Slavery still raves,

When a week's saturnalia have loosen'd her chain.

"Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford,

(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide,

Gild over the palace,—lo! Erin thy Lord,—

Kiss his foot, with thy blessing, for blessings denied!

"And if freedom past hope be extorted at last,

If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,—

Must what terror or policy wrung forth be class'd

With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

"But let not *his* name be thine idol alone!

On his right hand behold a *Sejanus* appears—

Thine own Castlereagh! Let him still be thine own!

A wretch never named but with curses and jeers.

"Till now, when this isle, that should blush for his birth,

Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,

Seems proud of the reptile that crawled from
her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and
a smile!—

‘Without one single ray of her genius,—without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race,—
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in
doubt,

If she ever gave birth to a being so base!

‘If she did, may her long-boasted proverb be
bush’d,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile
can spring!

See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full
flush’d,

Still warming its folds in the heart of a king!

‘Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh, Erin,
how low

Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny,
till

Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still!

‘My voice, though but humble, was raised in
thy right;

My vote*, as a freeman’s, still voted thee free;
My arm, though but feeble, would arm in thy
fight;

And this heart, though outworn, had a throb
still for thee!

‘Yes! I loved thee and thine, though thou
wert not my land;

I have known noble hearts and brave souls
in thy sons,

And I wept with delight on the patriot band
Who are gone,—but I weep them no longer
as once!

‘For happy are they now reposing afar—
Thy Curran, thy Grattan, thy Sheridan,—all,
Who for years were the chiefs in this eloquent
war,

And redeemed, if they have not retarded thy
fall!—

‘Yes! happy are they in their cold English
graves!

Their shades cannot start at thy shouts of to-
day;

Nor the steps of enslavers and slave-kissing
slaves

Be damp’d in the turf o’er the fetterless clay!

‘Till now I had envied thy sons and thy shore!
Though their virtues are blunted, their liber-
ties fled,

There is something so warm and sublime in the
core

Of an Irishman’s heart, that I envy—their
dead!

‘Or if aught in my bosom can quench for an
hour

My contempt of a nation so servile, though
sore,

Which, though trod like the worm, will not
turn upon power,

’Tis the glory of Grattan—the genius of
Moore!

And now, having quoted Lord Byron’s
opinion of his contemporaries, we shall

* Lord Byron here alludes to his speech and vote on the Catholic question. We believe his lordship only spoke twice at any length in the House of Lords. At least, in a letter, written some years ago, to a gentleman who had requested information on the subject, his lordship only mentioned two of his speeches.—REV.

take Mr. Medwin’s character of his lordship:—

‘It may be asked when Lord Byron writes? The same question was put to Madame de Staël: “*Vous ne comptez pas sur ma chaise-à-porteur*,” said she. I am often with him from the time he gets up till two or three o’clock in the morning, and, after sitting up so late, he must require rest; but he produces proofs, next morning, that he has not been idle. Sometimes, when I call, I find him at his desk; but he either talks as he writes, or lays down his pen to play at billiards, till it is time to take his airing. He seems to be able to resume the thread of his subject at all times, and to weave it of an equal texture. Such talent is that of an *improvisatore*. The fairness, too, of his manuscripts (I do not speak of the hand-writing) astonishes no less than the perfection of every thing he writes. He hardly ever alters a word for whole pages*, and he never corrects a line in subsequent editions. I do not believe that he has ever read his works since he examined the proof-sheets, and yet he remembers every word of them, and every thing else worth remembering that he has ever known.

‘I never met with any man who shines so much in conversation. He shines the more, perhaps, for not seeking to shine. His ideas flow without effort, without his having occasion to think. As in his letters, he is not nice about expressions or words; there are no concealments in him, no injunctions to secrecy; he tells every thing that he has thought or done without the least reserve, and as if he wished the whole world to know it; and does not throw the slightest gloss over his errors. Brief himself, he is impatient of diffuseness in others, hates long stories, and seldom repeats his own. If he has heard a story you are telling, he will say, “you told me that,” and, with good humour, sometimes finish it for you himself.

‘He hates arguments, and never argues for victory. He gives every one an opportunity of sharing in the conversation, and has the art of turning it to subjects that may bring out the person with whom he converses. He never shows the author, prides himself most on being a man of the world and of fashion, and his anecdotes of life and living characters are inexhaustible. In spirits, as in every thing else, he is in extremes.

‘Miserly in trifles—about to lavish his whole fortune on the Greeks; to-day diminishing his stud—to-morrow taking a large family under his roof, or giving a thousand a-year for a yacht†; dining for a few Pauls when alone—spending hundreds when he has friends.

‘*Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.*’

* Unfortunately for Mr. Medwin’s remarks, as to the correctness of Lord Byron’s manuscript, the only fac-simile he gives of it is a letter from his lordship to Mr. Hobhouse, which, though only about a dozen lines, contains two long interlineations.—REV.

† ‘He sold it for £300, and refused to give the sailors their jackets; and offered once to bet Hay that he would live on £60 a-year.’

Sketches of the History, Manners, and Customs of the North American Indians. By JAMES BUCHANAN, Esq., his Majesty’s Consul for the State of New York. 8vo. pp. 371. London, 1824.

WITH the exception of Franklin’s anecdotes of the American Indians in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and a few detached articles on their manners, little was known of them in this country, previous to our notice, five years ago, of Heckewelder’s admirable essay on this subject, printed in the *Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society for promoting Universal Knowledge*. Mr. Buchanan’s work has, therefore, been partially anticipated; but, as he has gone to other sources, it contains much that is novel and interesting: there is an amiable feeling manifested throughout his volume, in which the poor, neglected, and abused Red Indian is vindicated, and his true character defined. Mr. B. points out that, while the humane, from one end of Europe to the other, have been roused to a sense of the injuries of our black brethren of Africa, and are actively engaged in the prosecution of every measure calculated to alleviate their sufferings, few or no efforts have been made in behalf of the Red American Indians, from whose native soil the wealth of a great portion of the civilized world has been derived. It is true, that extermination has been rapidly lessening the number of the American Indians, but there are still enough left to excite our sympathy. It is not, however, our intention to enter into a connected historical account of this much-injured and amiable race, but to select a few characteristic anecdotes, which will complete the picture we formerly gave of them; indeed, Mr. Buchanan’s design in his work is rather to collect a series of facts and observations, bearing on the recent and present character of the North American Indians, than to furnish an account of their remote history. Mr. B.’s information is not wholly derived from the works of others; he lived long in the United States, and visited the Indians, by which means he has been enabled to verify or correct previous accounts. He visited the celebrated Mohawk chief, Captain Brandt, who was introduced to his late Majesty, and he had many other opportunities of judging of the Indian character. We shall now give a few extracts. The first is from Heckewelder:—

‘A party of Delawares, in one of their excursions during the revolutionary war, took a white female prisoner. The Indian chief, after a march of several days, observed that she was ailing, and was soon convinced (for she was far advanced in her pregnancy) that the time of her delivery was near. He immediately made a halt on the bank of a stream, where, at a proper distance from the encampment, he built for her a close hut of peeled barks, gathered dry grass and fern to make her a bed, and placed a blanket at the opening of the dwelling as a substitute for a door. He then kindled a fire, placed a pile of wood

near it to feed it
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near it to feed it occasionally, and placed a kettle of water at hand, where she might easily use it. He then took her into her little infirmary, gave her Indian medicines, with directions how to use them, and told her to rest easy, and she might be sure that nothing should disturb her. Having done this, he returned to his men, forbade them from making any noise, or disturbing the sick woman in any manner, and told them that he himself should guard her during the night. He did so; and the whole night kept watch before her door, walking backward and forward, to be ready at her call at any moment, in case of extreme necessity. The night passed quietly; but in the morning, as he was walking by on the bank of the stream, seeing him through the crevices, she called to him and presented her babe. The good chief, with tears in his eyes, rejoiced at her safe delivery; he told her not to be uneasy, that he should lay by for a few days, and would soon bring her some nourishing food, and some medicines to take. Then going to his encampment, he ordered all his men to go out a hunting, and remained himself to guard the camp.

'Now for the reverse of the picture. Among the men whom this chief had under his command, was one of those white vagabonds whom I have before described. The captain was much afraid of him, knowing him to be a bad man; and as he had expressed a great desire to go a hunting with the rest, he believed him gone, and entertained no fears for the woman's safety. But it was not long before he was undeceived. While he was gone to a small distance to dig roots for his poor patient, he heard her cries, and, running with speed to her hut, he was informed by her that the white man had threatened to take her life if she did not immediately throw her child into the river. The captain, enraged at the cruelty of this man, and the liberty he had taken with his prisoner, hailed him as he was running off, and told him "That the moment he should miss the child, the tomahawk should be in his head." After a few days this humane chief placed the woman carefully on a horse, and they went together to the place of their destination, the mother and child doing well. I have heard him relate this story, to which he added, that whenever he should go out on an excursion, he never would suffer a white man to be of his party.'

We are no enemies to missionaries in the abstract, but, unless Christianity makes the Indians better men, we doubt of the advantages of its introduction: that this is not the case is, we believe, not denied by those best acquainted with the subject. The following extract from a letter, written by Red Jacket, to the Governor of New York, in 1821, is to the purpose:—

'Our great father, the president, has recommended to our young men to be industrious, to plough, and to sow. This we have done, and we are thankful for the advice, and for the means he has afforded us of carrying it into effect. We are happy in consequence of it; but another thing

recommended to us has created great confusion among us, and is making us a quarrelsome and divided people: and that is, the introduction of preachers into our nation. These black-coats contrive to get the consent of some of the Indians to preach among us, and wherever this is the case, confusion and disorder are sure to follow, and the encroachments of the whites upon our lands are the invariable consequence. The governor must not think hard of me for speaking thus of the preachers; I have observed their progress, and when I look back to see what has taken place of old, I perceive that whenever they came among the Indians, they were the forerunners of their dispersion; that they always excited enmities and quarrels among them; that they introduced the white people on their lands, by whom they were robbed and plundered of their property; and that the Indians were sure to dwindle and decrease, and be driven back in proportion to the number of preachers that came among them.

'Each nation has its own customs and its own religion. The Indians have theirs, given to them by the Great Spirit, under which they were happy. It was not intended that they should embrace the religion of the whites, and be destroyed by the attempt to make them think differently on that subject from their fathers.

'It is true these preachers have got the consent of some of the chiefs to stay and preach among us, but I and my friends know this to be wrong, and that they ought to be removed; besides, we have been threatened by Mr. Hyde, who came among us as a schoolmaster and a teacher of our children, but has now become a black-coat, and refused to teach them any more, that unless we listen to his preaching and become Christians, we will be turned off our lands. We wish to know from the governor if this is to be so, and if he has no right, to say so; we think he ought to be turned off our lands, and not allowed to plague us any more. We shall never be at peace while he is among us.

'We are afraid, too, that these preachers, by and bye, will become poor, and force us to pay them for living among us, and disturbing us.'

Mr. Buchanan devotes a brief but interesting chapter to the 'Sale of Lands by the Indians,' which we quote entire, as showing with how much more justice they are treated by the British than by the United States' government:—

'The following is a statement of land purchased by the United States from the Indians up to the year 1820:

'Total quantity, 191,778,536 acres.
'In payment for which, sums to the amount of 2,542,916 dollars have been appropriated.

'Of these lands 13,601,930 acres have been vended by the States' government, and there remain in their possession 173,176,606 acres.

'The sum of 22,229,130 dollars has actually been paid into the treasury of the United States, in part of the purchases of

the above land; leaving still due (for which the land is a security) 22,000,637 dollars.

'The account, then, will stand thus:

'INDIANS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Dr.	Dollars.
Amount and value of annuities to Indians	2,542,916
Expense of surveys and agency ..	1,700,716
	4,243,632
Balance to credit	39,986,205
	44,229,837

Cr.	Dollars.
By cash received on sale of lands	22,229,130
Ditto still due on ditto	22,000,637
	44,229,837

Balance brought down... 39,986,205
Lands unsold, viz. 173,176,606 acres, at the lowest estimate, one dollar per acre * 173,176,605

Balance of gain on the part of the United States in dealing with the Indians 213,162,811
'How irresistibly, to say nothing of natural rights, do these transactions establish the claim of the Indians to protection and kindness from the United States!

'The purchases of land from the Indians by the British government do not exceed ten millions of acres; for 7,491,190 of which, the Indians receive goods annually amounting in value to 4155/ Halifax currency, or 16,620 dollars. The British government has not sold its lands, but, with the exception of a few hundred acres lately disposed of near Yorking, Upper Canada, has made gratuitous grants of them.

'Besides which, about 20,000 Indians annually receive from the British government blankets and presents of various kinds; so that while the Americans have gained so largely by their intercourse with the natives within their territories, the British are annually losers. But both are awfully deficient in using means to improve the condition of the Indians.'

Mr. Buchanan devotes a chapter to Indian anecdotes, many of which are highly interesting, and we therefore select them without further preface:—

'A distinguished Oneida chief, named Skenandou, having yielded to the teaching of his minister (the Rev. Mr. Kirkland), and lived a reformed man for fifty years, said, in his 120th year, just before he died,—"I am an aged hemlock. The winds of one hundred years have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top." (He was blind.) "Why I yet live, the Great Good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jests that I may wait with patience my appointed time to die; and when I die, lay me by the side of my minister and father, that I may go up with him at the great resurrection."

'In passing through Lake Pepin, our interpreter pointed out to us a high precipice.

* The price fixed by congress is two dollars per acre.'

pice, on the east shore of the lake, from which an Indian girl, of the Sioux nation, had, many years ago, precipitated herself in a fit of disappointed love. She had given her heart, it appears, to a young chief of her own tribe, who was very much attached to her, but the alliance was opposed by her parents, who wished her to marry an old chief, renowned for his wisdom and influence in the nation. As the union was insisted upon; and no other way appearing to avoid it, she determined to sacrifice her life in preference to a violation of her former vow; and while the preparations for the marriage-feast were going forward, left her father's cabin, without exciting suspicion, and before she could be overtaken threw herself from an awful precipice, and was instantly dashed to a thousand pieces. Such an instance of sentiment is rarely to be met with among barbarians, and should redeem the name of this noble-minded girl from oblivion. It was Oo-la-i-ta.

Mr. Buchanan gives an interesting account of the religion of the Indian tribes of North America, by Dr. Jarvis, of New York, from which we quote one or two extracts:—

‘Loskiel, who has given a minute account of the sacrifices offered by the Lenape or Delawares, and who is said, by Heckewelder, to have almost exhausted the subject, affirms that they are offered upon all occasions, the most trivial as well as the most important. “They sacrifice to a hare,” says he, “because, according to report, the first ancestor of the Indian tribes had that name.” To Indian corn, they sacrifice bear’s flesh, but to deer and bears, Indian corn; to the fishes, small pieces of bread in the shape of fishes; but they positively deny, that they pay any adoration to these subordinate good spirits, and affirm, that they only worship the true God, through them; for God, say they, does not require men to pay offerings or adoration immediately to him. He has, therefore, made known his will in dreams, notifying to them, what beings they have to consider as Manittoes, and what offerings to make to them.—When a boy dreams that he sees a large bird of prey, of the size of a man, flying towards him from the north, and saying to him, ‘Roast some meat for me,’ the boy is then bound to sacrifice the first deer or bear he shoots to this bird. The sacrifice is appointed by an old man, who fixes on the day and place in which it is to be performed. Three days previous to it, messengers are sent to invite the guests. These assemble in some lonely place, in a house large enough to contain three fires. At the middle fire the old man performs the sacrifice. Having sent for twelve straight and supple sticks, he fastens them into the ground, so as to enclose a circular spot, covering them with blankets. He then rolls twelve red-hot stones into the enclosure, each of which is dedicated to one God in particular. The largest belongs, as they say, to the great God in Heaven; the second to the sun, or the God of the day; the third,

to the sun or the moon; the fourth, to the earth; the fifth, to the fire; the sixth, to the water; the seventh, to the dwelling or House-God; the eighth, to Indian corn; the ninth, to the west; the tenth, to the south; the eleventh, to the east; and the twelfth, to the north. The old man then takes a rattle, containing some grains of Indian corn, and, leading the boy for whom the sacrifice is made, into the enclosure, throws a handful of tobacco upon the red-hot stones, and, as the smoke ascends, rattles his calabash, calling each God by name, and saying: ‘This boy (naming him) offers unto thee a fine fat deer, and a delicious dish of sapan! Have mercy on him, and grant good luck to him and his family.’

Mr. B. gives an appendix, containing a copious extract from a discourse by Governor Clinton, relating to the superiority of the race of men who lived in America previous to its occupancy by the progenitors of the present nation of Indians. This is very rationally inferred from the numerous remains of ancient fortifications:—

‘These forts were, generally speaking, erected on the most commanding ground. The walls or breastworks were earthen. The ditches were on the exterior of the works. On some of the parapets, oak trees were to be seen, which, from the number of concentric circles, must have been standing one hundred and fifty, two hundred and sixty, and three hundred years; and there were evident indications, not only that they had sprung up since the erection of those works, but that they were at least a second growth. The trenches were in some cases deep and wide, and in others shallow and narrow; and the breastworks varied in altitude from three to eight feet. They sometimes had one, and sometimes two entrances, as was to be inferred from there being no ditch at those places. When the works were protected by a deep ravine, or a large stream of water, no ditch was to be seen. The areas of these forts varied from two to six acres, and the form was generally an irregular ellipsis; and in some of them fragments of earthenware and pulverized substances, supposed to have been originally human bones, were to be found. These fortifications, thus diffused over the interior of our country, have been generally considered as surpassing the skill, patience, and industry of the Indian race; and various hypotheses have been advanced to prove them of European origin.’

Another portion of the appendix is an extract from a work published in 1687, entitled, ‘Blome’s State of His Majesty’s Isles and Territories in America.’ Speaking of the natives of Pennsylvania, the author says:—

‘Of their customs and manners there is much to be said. I will begin with children: so soon as they are born, they wash them in water, and while very young and in cold weather to choose, they plunge

them in the rivers, to harden and embolden them! having wrapt them in a clout, they lay them on a straight thin board, a little more than the length and breadth of the child, and swaddle it fast upon the board, to make it straight; wherefore all Indians have flat heads, and thus they carry them at their backs. The children will go very young, at nine months commonly; they wear only a small clout round their waist till they are big; if boys, they go a fishing till ripe for the woods, which is about fifteen; then they hunt, and having given some proofs of their manhood, by a good return of skins, they may marry; else it is a shame to think of a wife.

‘The girls stay with their mothers and help to hoe the ground, plant corn, and carry burdens; and they do well to use them to that young, which they must do when they are old, for the wives are the true servants of their husbands; otherwise, the men are very affectionate to them.

‘When the young women are fit for marriage, they wear something upon their heads for an advertisement, but so as their faces are hardly to be seen, but when they please. The age they marry at, if women, is about thirteen and fourteen; if men, seventeen and eighteen; they are rarely older: their houses are mats, or barks of trees, set on poles, in the fashion of an English barn, but out of the power of the winds, for they are hardly higher than a man; they lie on reeds or grass. In travel they lodge in the woods, about a great fire, with the mantle duffies they wear by day wrapt about them, and a few boughs stuck round them. Their diet is maize or Indian corn, divers ways prepared; sometimes roasted in the ashes; sometimes beaten and boiled with water, which they call homine; they also make cakes not unpleasing to eat; they have likewise several sorts of beans and pease, that are good nourishment, and the woods and rivers are their larder.’

We conclude with Blome’s notice of the natives of New York, and the New Englanders:—

‘*Natives of New York.*—Their principal recreations are football and cards, at which they will play away all they have. They are lovers of strong drink; without they have enough to be drunk, they care not to drink at all; they observe several ceremonies in their religious rites, and are said to worship the devil; they are usually performed on such occasions as the making of war, when their corn is ripe, or the like.

‘They are much addicted to go to war against one another, but they fight no pitched battles, but, upon their enemy’s approach, armed with guns and hatchets, they waylay him, and it is counted a great fight when seven or eight are slain; they seldom give quarter to any but the women and children, whom they reserve and make use of for the increasing their strength.

‘When an Indian dies, they bury him upright, sitting upon a seat with his gun,

money, and go to other world, westward, where store of game for At his funeral, faces black, near his grave to grow, but cov from the rain. an Indian is dead, none daring aft being not only an affront to his done on purpose persons bearing for another, w himself. Their revery, the ma which being ag nation of the dislike, he tur ther. It is no women to lie w she acquaint he lation therewith times punishabl ‘They are ex another; they s monly leaving selves.’

‘*The New* make war, the priests and con barbarous almo priests, and r things as they hurt them, asfi our great guns, chief god they they call Okee and their child who is most d archers, and w birds flying; th zel; their string cane or hazel, and feathered. less, if they fi cution.’

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Buchanan (Cont) Having already valuable work pressed for roo to which one o we shall, for th tract, which w pleasure by eve at the same ti tensive and co ject:—

‘It must al connoisseur as something of th painters execu at all periods d’œuvre of art.

money, and goods, to furnish him in the other world, which they believe to be westward, where they shall have a great store of game for hunting, and live at ease. At his funeral his relations paint their faces black, making sad lamentations; near his grave they do not suffer any grass to grow, but cover it with mats as a shelter from the rain. Notwithstanding this, when an Indian is dead, his name dies with him, none daring after to mention his name, it being not only a breach of their law, but an affront to his friends and relations, as if done on purpose to renew their grief; and persons bearing the same name change it for another, which every one invents for himself. Their weddings are without ceremony, the match being made by money, which being agreed on, makes a consummation of the marriage; upon the least dislike, he turns her away and takes another. It is no offence for their married women to lie with another man, provided she acquaint her husband or some near relation therewith; but, if not, it is sometimes punishable with death.

'They are extremely charitable one to another; they share one with another, commonly leaving the least parts to themselves.'

'The New Englanders.—Before they make war, they first consult with their priests and conjurors, no people being so barbarous almost but they have their gods, priests, and religion; they adore such things as they think may unavoidably hurt them, as fire, water, lightning, thunder, our great guns, muskets, and horses: the chief god they worship is the devil; which they call Okee. They paint themselves and their children, and he is most gallant who is most deformed. They are exact archers, and with their arrows will kill birds flying; their bows are of tough hazel; their strings of leather; their arrows of cane or hazel, headed with stones or horn, and feathered. They soon grow heartless, if they find their arrows do no execution.'

Here we close our extracts, and, unless we have been particularly unfortunate in our selection, they will bear us out in saying that Mr. Buchanan has made a very interesting volume.

Buchanan's Memoirs of Painting.

(Continued from p. 658.)

HAVING already introduced Mr. Buchanan's valuable work to our readers, and being pressed for room, on account of the length to which one of our reviews has extended, we shall, for the present, only make one extract, which we are sure will be read with pleasure by every lover of the fine arts, and, at the same time, show Mr. Buchanan's extensive and correct knowledge of the subject:—

'It must always be interesting to the connoisseur as well as the painter, to know something of the manner in which the great painters executed those works which have at all periods been regarded as the chefs-d'œuvre of art.

'On the removal of many of the fine pictures from Italy to Paris, it was found, on inspection, that the painting in many of these was beginning to separate from the impression, or ground of the picture, and that it became absolutely necessary to have the same secured, to prevent the total ruin of these magnificent works. Monsieur Hacquin, of Paris, a most distinguished artist for his skill in removing ancient pictures from the canvass or panel on which they had been painted, was applied to by the directors of the French Museum to transfer several of those works to fresh canvass, which he executed with great ability and judgment; among others, the St. Peter Martyr, of Titian, the St. Cecilia of Raphael, the Holy Family, by Raphael, where an angel scatters flowers, and many others of the first importance. Having succeeded so well in those which he did for the Museum, he was likewise employed by Monsieur Bonnemaizon to transfer those capital pictures which are mentioned in this work at page 39 from their ancient panels to canvass; and as in the course of this operation he had an opportunity of seeing what was actually the first process of painting made use of in these compositions, so the author of these Sketches requested him to state what were the appearances which presented themselves when he had removed the whole of the wood, and the greatest part of the white ground which received the impression of the picture, and on which the same had originally been painted.

'All the pictures of that period were prepared with grounds composed of pipe-clay highly burned, and finely pounded, mixed with a proportion of chalk, and formed into a substance with boiled parchment, or the skins of fish. For the better understanding how this could be got at, it is necessary to explain, that when such an operation is about to be performed, the picture itself is covered with a very fine gauze, laid over it with a thin paste, so as perfectly to secure the paint itself. It is then turned face downwards, and the wood planed away until it arrives at the ground or preparation on which the picture itself has been painted. This ground itself, being, as already stated, of pipe-clay, is removed in various ways, according to its substance or quality: sometimes by liquids, sometimes by reducing it with pumice-stone or instruments, until there at last remains the thin shell of paint only which constitutes the picture, and which must again be secured by a glutinous application to a fresh canvass; after which the gauze and paste which have covered the front are carefully removed with lukewarm water cautiously and sparingly applied.

'Mr Hacquin mentioned, that in all the works of Raphael which he had transferred from the old panels to canvass, there appeared on the white ground of the picture a very fine but firm line in black crayon, or, what he termed *pietre d'Italie*; that this fine line, or first tracing of his subject, was afterwards strengthened with the pencil by a transparent brownish or bistery colour,

called by the French painters *stil du grain*; and that in some instances he had hatched in the shadows with a black crayon resembling the lines of an engraving, before he commenced any colour whatever on his picture. He then appeared to have passed a thin transparent glazing over this preparation, generally of a warm hue, somewhat like mummy, over which he painted his picture.

Mr. Buchanan quotes, from Mr. Hacquin's own MS. memoranda, an account of the appearance several of these capital works presented, and then observes:—

'By these curious documents, which must be highly interesting to every lover of art, the mode which Raphael and Titian adopted in the commencement of their pictures is as completely disclosed as if these leading artists had been actually seen to paint them; and they are the more interesting, as the pictures above referred to are the chefs-d'œuvre of these great masters, and are therefore likely to have had every care bestowed on them during their whole progress.

'It is well known that the great masters of the Roman and Florentine schools always adopted the mode of designing their subjects in crayon, which they afterwards strengthened with the pencil before they began to paint their pictures; but it has been equally asserted that the Venetian masters never used this mode, but trusted to the suavity of their penciling, and fine natural colouring, to make out the necessary contours. This last remark has been found to be partly true, and partly not so, from the observations which Monsieur Hacquin has had the opportunity of making on the works of Titian and other Venetian masters. By these masters the black crayon has seldom been used, but in its place a pencil generally dipped in red lead or carmine, for the purpose of tracing a design, as in the case of the St. Peter Martyr; and it also appears that their white chalk grounds were often covered with a clear purply grey, previous to tracing any design with the pencil, while at other times they were lightly glazed over with a reddish-brown colour in oil, which was likewise used by Rubens and by Rembrandt, in the first preparations for commencing their pictures.

'Mr. Hacquin mentioned that Rubens sometimes appears to have used red crayon lines for tracing his subject previous to beginning his picture, but more generally the grounds of his pictures denote that he had commenced them with his pencil in hand, and made use of a finished study only, while his fire, his rapidity, and confidence in his own strength, would not permit him to use the more precise and studious details of his art. Hence those errors into which he has often fallen; having satisfied himself too much by generalizing forms, although it is well known that he could draw perfectly well, when he chose to do so. The impression of the pictures which Rubens painted was sometimes prepared with white, sometimes with red; when the

latter is the case, the secret of commencement is hid; but in those where he has painted on a white ground, and where Mr. Hacquin could discover the first markings of crayon, as of penciling, he has as often used the one mode as the other, sometimes tracing the drawing in crayon, sometimes beginning at once with the pencil. The first glazings of colour which the white impressions of his pictures show, are generally of a warm tint, thrown in with a very light hand, and great facility of penciling. These are seen even on the surface of some of his landscapes, never having thought it necessary to cover them a second time, but leaving them to form the ground of his subject.

Mr. Hacquin observed that Velasquez and Murillo have painted their pictures upon the red earthy preparations with which the Spanish canvass has almost uniformly been charged, and which hides their first process. Velasquez, who was aware of these red grounds rendering the shadows too opaque, has often introduced a light colour over them before he began to paint, so as that the ground which came in immediate contrast with the picture should not destroy the transparency of his colours, which are always light and brilliant, especially in the flesh and in his skies and landscapes.

Claude Lorrain and Nicholas Poussin painted their pictures at a time when the use of wood was almost entirely given up by the schools of Italy; the grounds of their canvass were, however, various, sometimes red, sometimes white. The ground of the pictures painted by Claude has more frequently been prepared with an impression of chalk or pipe-clay, as was used by the old masters; the consequence is, that the skies, distances, and delicate passages, remain as clear as the day when they were painted. The ground of a great many of the pictures painted by Poussin is, on the contrary, a dark brown, or red, prepared of a red earth, which in many instances has rendered the shadows opaque, and in some cases has even caused them to perish; an evil which is to be met with in many of the most beautiful and classical compositions of that master.

It is well known that, before the introduction of oil into painting, the early masters made use of those materials in the composition or binding of their colours which time has had no effect in changing, and which remain as clear to this time as when they were first painted; and it has been a question with many, whether the introduction of oil into painting, with its disadvantages, has not produced more detriment than benefit to the art, owing to its changeable quality. It has been said that Claude was in possession of the secret of the old masters, for giving clearness and transparency to his pictures; and that he made use of it in his distances and middle grounds, until his pictures had arrived at a certain stage, when he blended them with oils, and finished with glazings. Others have said that his great clearness was at-

tained by the use of water-colours up to a certain point; after which he made use of oil: be this as it may, true it is, that the pictures of Claude, while they possess the clearness of the early masters, are also subject to all that danger which attaches to the works of the old masters, painted on absorbent grounds, where nothing is more prejudicial than the simple application of water, being injudiciously applied for the sake of washing off the dirt or smoke; for here let it be explained, and it cannot be too often repeated to those who possess fine pictures, that any application of water to those pictures, which are painted upon these chalk or absorbent grounds, penetrates through the small crevices which may be in the paint, and often totally destroys the picture. If a picture is upon canvass, like many of the pictures of Claude and William Vandeveld, who also painted on this kind of preparations, it breaks into a thousand small lines or cracks;—if upon panel, like the pictures of Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, or Fra. Bartolomeo, it breaks up the paint by scaling it off in small points, of the size of a pin's head. In either case it is equally destructive. If the picture, again, is of the Spanish school, and is painted upon the red absorbent grounds on a rough canvass, water not only breaks the unity of its surface, but, from the canvass being of a coarser texture than the pictures of Claude, or of William Vandeveld, it penetrates in a greater proportion, and scales it off frequently the breadth of a sixpence, especially in the dark shadows, or where the ground has not been sufficiently protected by embodied colours. At all times, and to all pictures, it is more or less dangerous, unless used with the greatest precaution, and then only it ought to be used by the means of a piece of thick buckskin leather well wrung out, and left just wet enough to slip lightly over the surface of the picture without dragging. In the case of some masters, as those above particularly named, the free use of water may be regarded as next door to absolute destruction; and the warmer and drier the weather, the more active and dangerous is it in its operation. These hints the author does not hazard at random; he has seen instances where an Andrea del Sarto, a Claude, and a William Vandeveld were destroyed in the course of a few minutes by the injudicious use of simple water; and he will take an opportunity of entering more fully upon this subject, and other matters connected with it, in a treatise, containing fugitive remarks on the arts in general, and on the collections of this country in particular.

ORIGINAL.

THE NIL-ADMIRARI.

No I.

HAVING made up our minds, as we have already declared to our readers, to be surprised no more, let happen what will, we were not astonished, although there was a time when we should

have been greatly staggered at it, at reading the other day that we 'give ourselves credit for being the greatest nation in the world; because our Jack-tars (who defend the wooden walls of old England—the same that we afterwards see with sore arms and wooden legs, begging and bawling about our streets) are the greatest blackguards on the face of the globe.*' We do not, however, think that it would be prudent or safe for any of our playwrights to introduce such a speech into a drama, or, indeed, for an actor who has a reasonable regard for his head to utter it on the boards of any of our theatres. The mob have not yet got rid of all their old prejudices, and to them an English Jack-tar is the *beau ideal* of generosity, humanity, and heroism. We venture to assert, that they would as lieve behold John Bull himself depicted with a thin belly and slender shanks, or a 'mounseer,' a goodly portly figure, as if he had fed on the roast beef of the former, instead of his own soup and frogs;—which, by the bye, as every child knows, form the chief diet of our Gallic neighbours. But, good Mr. H., why cannot you leave us our beloved prejudices: you, I am sure, must have read that, 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;' nevertheless, you are endeavouring to disturb all these venerable, and, what is more, comfortable and consolatory national antipathies, which have been consecrated by the lapse of centuries.—It is both perplexing and cruel.

We of course greatly admire, although we are in no wise astonished at, the remark of Lord Byron, on the condition of the fair sex:—'They are,' says his lordship, in 'an unnatural state of society: the Turks and eastern people manage these matters better than we do. They lock them up, and they are much happier. Give a woman a looking-glass, and a few sugar-plums, and she will be satisfied.'—Now it will be hard, indeed, if either the ladies of Great Britain or their husbands do not immediately come forward and raise a handsome subscription for a statue of the noble poet, as a testimony of their gratitude. The latter must surely approve of the excellent locking-up system, and must be delight-

* Notes of a Journey through France, &c. No IX., National Antipathies. The whole of this number, although rather too artificial and ambitiously smart, is admirable, and contains more thought and originality than the whole of many a modern tour. We were not deceived when we predicted that Mr. Hazlitt could not fail to produce an excellent work on such a subject.

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ed to know how easily their wives can be satisfied. We make no doubt but that, in a short time, the rational Turkish system will be adopted in this country; by which means women will be relieved from their unnatural position in society, and their husbands from much anxiety. The only persons who can object to such a scheme, or whose interests could be affected by it, would be lawyers and *hommes à bonnes fortunes*; although we know not whether the latter would not actually be gainers by it, considering how greatly the piquancy of a *liaison* would be enhanced by the difficulties attending it.

Neither were we at all surprised at finding his lordship making the following confession: 'almost all the friends of my youth are dead; either *shot in duels, ruined, or in the galleys*;' for, in the galleys, or on the gallows, is the way in which many a daring spirit terminates his meteor-like career. As to being ruined, either in constitution, character, or purse, or all three, that is a thing of course: the stars decide it, and wherefore should a man struggle with his fate. The Turkish doctrine of predestination really saves a great deal of unnecessary trouble; it must become fashionable. That his lordship should have asserted gin and water to be the true hippocrène, is quite in character; nor have we the least doubt but that Don Juan was inspired by potations from this gin-une fount. Considering, too, his numerous *liaisons*, his 'horror of matrimony' was exceedingly natural. And to be told, that 'no man was more of a christian,' did not startle us in the least. Yet when we consider the specimens of matrimony with which his lordship favours us, we must say the Outinians ought to endeavour by all means to stop the circulation of Capt. Medwin's book, since it must be excessively injurious to their glorious scheme of universal matrimony, and to their concern in St. Helen's.*

As little, too, were we surprised that *Pericles*, with some other noble Greeks, should have danced the other day at the Mansion House, before the Lord Mayor and a party of city belles, and have entertained the company with some Greek songs. To be sure, it sounds rather oddly,—'Pericles in the city; Pericles among the cockneys; Pericles dancing for the amusement of

London's Mayor, common-council men, deputies, and their wives and daughters!' But it proves that, if not quite so dignified as we should have conceived, Mr. Pericles is a great deal more complaisant than we could have expected.

THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT—LONDON ACTORS AND CRITICS.

Letter from John Newby to the Editor.

GIN a body may be seea bold as to tak't liberty of writing a feu laarns, I sud like to offer my opinion on yan or twea subjects, on which may be I* know summat; an I hoope you'll excuse me writing i' my oan country language, if its nobbit to show't Lunnuners what it is, for I varrily believe they know nowght at all on't. You mun know Ise varra fond o't play-house, and yance sang't sang o' Giles Scroggins in karackter, at Rippon Theatre, for't benefit of Dunning. He was an actor—and a varra clever actor, and scene painter in Butler's company. I've cum to Lunnun to seek for an engagement, but I fear I've nae great chance amang ye, for't fact is, you mistak Yorkshire altogether.

I sau Emery, and I've seen Rayner and Sherwin, and, though clever chaps in their way, yet not yan o' them knows owt at all o't Yorkshire dialect, or dialects, for there's three o' them. It wad be varra difficult, and tak a great deal of tahme to tell you all't blunders they mak, but I cant help mentioning yan. They all say 'I be' and 'I bean't' deaing this, that, and t'other. Now, nae Yorkshireman ever says that: its nobbut us'd by't west of England folks. A Yorkshireman says, 'Ahse reet,' or 'Ahse wrang,' or 'Ahse ganging,' but never 'I be.'

Summe ov your play-ganging folks, however, tell me, that real even down genuine Yorkshire wad not deea on't stage—that is, it wadn't be understead: they may as weel say Yorkshire puddin and Yorkshire bacon we'ant dea: why, searly t' Lunnuners that crood to't Opera House to hear Italian singing can comprehend Yorkshire talking, or they mun be a set of oafs; besahdes, isn't t' Yorkshire dialect maar intelligible and maar easy ov cumprehension than't

* As I was always a great enemy to all obscurities, and as I've varra anxious to mak mysel intelligible to't meaneest capacity, like't Languastrian system, I may as weel just observe, by way of makking you understand't pronunciation, that in our dialect, the I is pronounced like *ah*, the I'se [I am] like *ahse*, and the I've [I have] like *ahre*; and a varra natural pronunciation it is, howsomever ignorant folks may laugh at it.—J. N.

Scotch and Irish, and wheea ever finnds faut with actors speaking them ower braid. Why, it stands to reason, that when a man, or woman for that matter, undertaks to represent or imitate ony thing, the maar correct they are the better. What wad ye think of a pratty woman, or a bonny young lass, compleaning t'ive a penter that her likeness was ower like, yet its t' varra saam thing, saying that real Yorkshire weant dea for't Lunnun the-a-tres. Dang ma buttons, if I were yance fairly on't boards, and gae nae maar discontent than by my braad Yorkshire, I'd hae nae fear ov sean becunning summat ov a favorit amang ye: and let me tell ye, if the managers o't Lunnun play-houses want real Yorkshire, let 'em get Yorkshire chaps to write t' pieces; and I reckon we've sent out some that can write: tel that's dean, let 'em perform't good aud farce o't *Register Office*, written by Joseph Reed. O baan, he was a wonderful fellow that, and wad write like owght. May be yer father ken't him, but he was deead before your time, and maan teea for that matter. I wadn't, to be sear, like varra weel to put on petticoats, but I wadn't maand it for yance, to play Margery Moorpoot, i't *Register Office*, and then I'd giv't audience, at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, or what other plaace mud be chosen, sike a sample of Yorkshire as't niver had afore; and, to tell ye't truth, I wad at yance offer mysel for't Lunnun stage, but for't newspaper folks; they'ret queerest set of chaps I ever saw or heer'd ov. I de'ant finnd faut wi' their writing criticisms on't actors, nor on their finnding faut, because, as't aud copy says, 'They are our best finnds that tell us ov our fauts;' but wheea the d—I can understand them. Yan finnds faut wi' yae thing, and anuther with anuther; and sum o' them praises what anuther abuses, seea that I can mak neather heead nur tail o't Lunnun critics.

I've nut cum to Lunnun to tak away onny man's karackter, but I will say yae thing, that when tweea men say directly contrary to yan anuther, yan of them lees, or, to speak maar refarned, does not say't truth. I can preave what I say, deny't wheea can; nae langer sen than Setterday neeght, and that's nut varra lang, I saw an instance on't. I was at Drury Lane Theatre, and saw a Miss Graddon for't first time. I maad up my opinion o't matter at yance, but I wanted to see what 't papers said about her, seea I went to Peel's Coffee House, in Fleet Street (where't York papers come teea), and't waiter browt me

* The following maxim is most horrible heresy: 'Those are wisest who make no connexion of wife or mistress.' Alas! it seems then that neither his lordship, nor his 'Don,' was the greatest of wiseacres.

first ya morning newspaper, then anuther, till I think I had a matter o' hight o' them. I read all they said about't play, and niver i' my life did I see sike contradictions; seea I thowt I wad mak a note o' them, and I did, and I now send it for you to put in't *Literary Chronicle*, if you thing it weant deca ony harm: and now, beggin pardon for tak-king up your time, I'll just put my naam and directions to't letter, that you may knaw where I live, and I sud be varra happy to treat you wi' a tankard o' yat yale and brandy ony neet you call on me.

I'se, your obedient sarvant,
Wrekin Tavern, JOHN NEWBY.
Broad Court, Drury Lane.

P. S. I don't knaw't number, but ony body can tell you't house: varra likely you know't, as sum writing chaps frequent it.

CRITICISMS ON MISS GRADDON.

Her Acting.

'There is an agreeable vivacity in her appearance, and an ease and self-possession in her manner, from which we should be entitled to augur very favourably, if the advantage of physical power were added to the rest.'—*Morning Chronicle.*

'As an actress, Miss Graddon has no pretensions whatsoever. She appears to be wholly untutored in the scenic art. She was stiff, formal, reserved, and actionless, in a part that ought to be all playfulness and animation.'—*Times.*

Her Singing.

'She never falls into the common vulgarities of flourishing and shaking, for the sake of the ornament, but uniformly renders ornament dependent upon the meaning and sentiment of the music.'—*Morning Post.*

'Her shake (and she seems fond of that ornament) is feeble and undecided.'—*Times.*

'Her voice has a full, round, melodious tone, great flexibility in the middle notes, is susceptible of exquisite modulation, has an efficient compass, bears considerable extension.'—*New Times.*

'The quality of her voice is good, but its compass is not calculated for a large theatre. She so attenuates her cadences, that, beyond the first row of the pit, or the first or second box from the stage, they are scarcely audible.'—*Times.*

PRO AND CON. THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT.

At a time when the national theatres are again opening, when families are re-assembling, and the usual occupations and amusements of the winter beginning, we think it a proper period for candid discussion of a point which has of late been much canvassed, viz. 'the lawfulness and propriety of attending dramatic representations!'

It may seem strange to many, that a hue and cry should be raised against the stage at a period when it is evidently purified from its grossness, and when the morals of the actors are so improved as to place them on a par with every other class in society; but this fact is not singular: when the commonwealth in this country destroyed episcopacy and trampled our church beneath her feet, that church was rich in learned and pious ministers, both as dignitaries and private pastors, and it is certain the late revolution in France was directed to overthrow a king apparently much less obnoxious either in conduct or principles than several who preceded him. There is, in truth, 'a tide in the affairs of men,' by which opinions are influenced and changes wrought, independent of the merit or demerit of the point argued, which is frequently the stalking-horse of a party—the rallying-word of a battle-field. Such is the case of the object before us; going or not going to a play is rendered the criterion by which the adherents of a party are discriminated, and, in order to increase the strength of the latter class, rather than from any supposed sin committed by the former, bitter invectives are fulminated against all dramatic amusements. Playhouses are denounced as stepping-stones to eternal perdition, actors deemed vessels of wrath for whom there is no hope, and their admirers the multitude who 'run to do evil.'

It is a singular circumstance, that the Roman church should cut off players even from Christian burial, in the plenitude of her tyrannic power, and that the church of Scotland, so decidedly the enemy of that power, should, in its spirit at least, follow her example, by infusing a harsh fanatical temper, which repels the most innocent enjoyment, and narrows the powers of human intellect by forbidding the exercise of imagination; perhaps the ignorance of the great mass of professors, in both cases, may account for this effect, but that any persons at this enlightened period, professing our own national religion, should so think, and so argue, seems astonishing.

The great founder of our faith unquestionably lived in a period when dramatic representations were common, yet it is certain that he pronounced on them no particular condemnation, which, as a 'teacher of righteousness,' he would unquestionably have done, had the matter not been of indifference, to be judged of by every man according to its effect

upon him as an individual. St. Paul, we all know, quotes Euripides, and refers to the Olympic games, without throwing blame on either; nor did the primitive church view dramatic exhibitions as subjects of reproof or the medium of impiety: on the contrary, so soon as the rage of persecution ceased, and the martyred Christians no longer were butchered on the stage themselves, they instituted representations of these awful scenes in which their fathers suffered. These dramas, together with those called 'mysteries,' in which passages of sacred history were represented, were considered holy; but as the religion spread over whole countries, others, combining general history and customs, and calculated for recreation only, obtained ground. These were not objected to by the church, until that church became depraved, intolerant, and fearful of an instrument so capable of affecting the public mind, and of exposing those vices which escape all other modes of punishment.

That man has an appetite for amusement, as decidedly as for food, will not be denied by any one who watches his progress in childhood, or his pursuits in manhood; where, however wisely it may be directed, however closely combined with business, learning, or piety, it is still evident that the pleasure of intellectual activity is a strong moving principle; it is found, also, that from the islands of Otaheite to the shores of Nova Zembla—from the long-compacted empire of China, to the wandering aborigines of America—the same inherent disposition for deriving pleasure from dramatic representation is evinced. In some countries the rude dance or mock battle, in others the song or poetic recital, reveals it; but the intention is everywhere the same: nature herself declares, that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and that his joys and sorrows, his virtues and crimes, form, alike to the barbarous and the polished, a subject of intense and affecting interest.

So long as man retains his nature, this propensity will exist, and the higher he rises in mind, the more perfect will its development appear; and hence the most polished nations have ever deemed a good tragedy the highest effort of human intellect.*

* A clever party-writer has made a slight but well-written story run through seven editions, principally by abuse of Shakspeare, whom he thinks it no sin to tell falsehoods, which ignorance freely swallows: he will of course think differently.

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If we are told that 'religion is above nature,' that the 'life and immortality' given us by the Christian dispensation pours on the soul a light 'beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman lore,' we answer true, but not therefore *contrary* to it, since, if our nature and faculties were to be changed instead of being improved—if *alteration*, instead of *purification*, were to take place, we must have no longer natural affections or necessary appetites; on such conclusions no reasoning can be founded.

If we consider it a duty to sacrifice all pleasure, do we not become converts to those who consider suffering as the medium of purchasing Heaven? and will not the monks of La Trappe and the Fakirs of India get far before us, when we have done our best? Alas! how much more is there of pride, bigotry, prejudice, and self-sufficiency, in our condemnation of this elegant and intellectual amusement, than of that religion we affect to exalt; in how many instances might it be said 'ye know not what spirit ye are of!'

There can be no doubt that persons of strong passions and giddy minds may find the atmosphere of a theatre too fascinating for their 'soul's welfare,' and the young and dissipated ought to be restrained, if they suffer that which is meant for a recreation to become a passion. But the same caution applies to all other modes of amusement. In all excess there is sin, and the man whose heart expands with the magnanimity, or sighs over the sorrows, of a fabled hero—even he who laughs at the humour of a comic character, spends his time and exercises his faculties to better purpose than in any other mode of mere pastime, because in no other does he so much exercise the social affections and the mental powers.

In how many cases of human existence will it arise, that the wearied overburdened mind may find in a play relief from the pressure of business, the sense of care, the dejection imposed by past sorrow, or the despondence awakened by solicitude. How many of the lesser evils of life may be lightened by the good humour or good spirits thus obtained, and who shall venture to say that the wicked man has never been checked in his career of sin, or the thoughtless youth been led to reflect by lessons from the stage? That such lessons are frequently given must be granted, but it must also be allowed, that in the theatres may be found the seductions most likely to prove dangerous when the senses are gratified and

the imagination excited. Life is full of vice and temptation in all extensive communities, and a place devoted to amusement will not be free from them, of course; but it is certain that the person most likely to escape their delusions, will be he who is most deeply imbued with the love of literature, science, and art, combined in the exhibition before him; rarely, indeed, will it be found that the real lover of the drama is a man given to gross vices, or capable of low intemperance and vulgar pursuits. It will be allowed, even by the bitterest reviler, that his temper is kept free from the detestable avarice and diabolical agitation of the gambler, the coarse and cruel excitement which blends with the active pursuits of the sportsman, and the frivolity and vanity which designate the ball-room. In this appeal, we mean not to censure either a sober rubber, a pleasant chase, or a merry dance, all of which, we believe, may in moderation be lawfully enjoyed by good men; but we do mean to say that a well-written well-acted drama is a more intellectual diversion than any of them, and of course more worthy of being partaken by a good man, and more calculated to afford him pleasure on reflection.

He who has 'given us all things richly to enjoy,' (as well as many sources of inevitable suffering where-with all pleasure is alloyed), unquestionably permits us the exercise and the delight which arise from the abilities and faculties which distinguish us as reasonable creatures; nor has his *revealed will*, in its general character, or in any isolated portion, forbidden this enjoyment.—These are not times, one would think when either indolence or subserviency would so far operate as to induce blind submission to the mandate of others, when the means of examination are open to all, yet there is certainly a considerable portion of this spirit abroad in the world. The *serious* part of it (we do not mean those who adopt the title *par excellence*, but the really thinking and well-informed part of the community) would do well to consider the point deeply, as vitally connected with the best interests of society, and as a material link in that chain by which a faction would draw us back to the days of Praise God Barebones, from whence would inevitably arise another age of profligacy and impiety. All extremes are dangerous, and like other diseases should be checked in time; many a fever has risen in nations as well as individuals, which might have been wholly

prevented by common sense and proper attention at the commencement of the disorder. B.

NEWSPAPERS.

I HAVE often felt a good deal surprised that, among all the means of which the bookmakers of the present day have availed themselves to tickle the public palate, a subject so fertile and so motived as a public newspaper should so long have escaped their clutches. The harlequinade exhibited by the daily prints would seem to furnish, to a dexterous hand, ample materials for the concoction of a splendid feast. The antipodal varieties displayed in the columns of a newspaper, the strange incongruities—the occasional touches of the pathetic, the ludicrous, the sad, the droll, and the horrible—the vicissitudes and changes of human life,—the crimes, the fears, and the calamities, to which it is prone—and all depicted with the brief and pithy pencil of an ephemeral narrator—present to the mind such a rapid succession of various images as cannot fail to interest the most stoical. We read a newspaper as we read the shops from Cornhill all the way to Charing Cross. The articles are all diversified, and pass from before us just as suddenly—some are magnificent, some poor, many gratifying, and all dissimilar. Oh! if it were not for my occupations—if it were not for the eternal bustle and hubbub of my wife (and yet, poor woman, she really *does* a good deal—eight young children to look after, and ailing again.)—if it were not that I have under charge twenty-eight young gentlemen, from five to fourteen, by day, and seventeen young ladies in the evening school—if it were not for these, what a volume would I not myself conglomerate.

It is the everlasting contrast that strikes one most in perusal of a paper. We have no sooner exhausted the details of an atrocious murder, perpetrated in all the malice of imperishable hate, than we straightway stumble upon an action of crim. con. performed in all the plentitude of love. In one line the editor is overwhelmed with the most powerful emotions of delight at 'the return to town of Earl Bathurst, who transacted business at the colonial office,' and in the very next he is overpowered with sorrow at 'a slight attack of bile experienced by the Right Honourable the Home Secretary.' The third paragraph enumerates the rapid strides which are now making by science and the arts; and the fourth

dwells with grief upon the disasters of Ireland, whose semi-barbarous sons are killing one another for want of something better to do.

Let us now amuse ourselves by spelling over a column or two, and see what they will produce:—

'Insolvent Debtor's Court.—James R.—was opposed by Mr. Pollock on the part of a detaining creditor. It appeared from the statement of the learned counsel, that Mr. R.'s father, Sir James R., had by a certain deed settled an annuity of £2000 a year upon him for life. The expenses of the debtor had for the last five years exceeded this income by nearly £1000 annually, and the opposing creditor now claimed,' &c.

—'The overseer stated the pauper, who has a wife and four children, had for many weeks past received nine shillings a week for the support of himself and his family; but that he now claimed from the parish an additional allowance, the present being, as he contended, insufficient.

'The sitting magistrate, after a full hearing of the case, thought that nine shillings was an ample allowance, and the pauper, after a suitable admonition, was dismissed.'

'Fire.—A most destructive fire broke out in Bartlet's Buildings, Holborn, which, after raging for five hours, was at length extinguished by the exertions of the firemen. We understand that not a drop of water was to be had for an hour and a half after the fire broke out, and we cannot but deprecate the consequences which this system of monopoly by the water companies,' &c.

'We learn that the inundations caused by the late heavy rains are likely to be most disastrous; the mails were detained for several hours yesterday: in some parts of the country, nothing is to be seen but one unbroken space of water, which,' &c.

'It appeared that the poor female committed the robbery under the most aggravated feelings of hunger. She stated that for the last twenty-four hours she had tasted nothing, and that seeing the bacon (it could not have exceeded three quarters of a pound in weight), she was tempted to take it. The worthy alderman stated that the theft had already been proved, and the woman was committed to take her trial at the next sessions.'

'Lost—A black and white poodle, answering to the name of Fidelle; whoever has found and will bring the

same to,' &c. &c., 'shall receive two pounds' reward.'

'John Harris, the proprietor of one of the hells in St. James's Street, was brought up last night by Ruthven, upon the complaint of the honourable Mr. — (who is reported to be a heavy loser by *Rouge et Noir*), and, after very full and complete evidence, was held to bail, himself in £5000, and two sureties in £2500 each. The magistrate observed the effects upon the morals of mankind by these pernicious practices, were,' &c. &c.

'A patent has recently been obtained for some new improvement in the construction of wheels, which is considered to be of a most important nature, by lessening the friction on the periphery of the axle. Although this invention is considered, by those who have seen it, to be most ingenious and complete, we conceive it can never equal in its advantage the present wheel of fortune, the only friction upon which are four prizes of 20,000*l.* and numerous other capitals, all to be drawn on the 4th of October next. Tickets and shares are now selling by Bish, at his lucky office,' &c. &c. W. B. L.

LITERATURE EXTRAORDINARY.

AMONG the novelties of the approaching season, the following, of which we have been favoured with a list by an eminent publisher, will, we think, not be the most unpopular, or the least interesting; and we hope shortly to have it in our power to give extracts from, or a notice of, one or two of these works, before any of our contemporaries, having been promised a sight of some of them previously to their publication:—

A new edition of *The Virgin Unmasked*. By Mr. H. with a portrait of Maria Darlington.

'She cries, Ah! for ever repose in these arms; He only replies, Fa la la.'

Mrs. Coutts's Progresses through Scotland: intended as a Companion to Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth. Two vols. elephant 4to. with numerous illustrations, and copies of the various addresses presented to her, splendidly emblazoned in gold.

The Albion Ovid, or New Heroic Epistles; intended as an Antidote to Religious Courtship. By the Very Rev. A. F.

Elements of Crim. Con. By a Lady of the Haut Ton.

Moral Reflections on the Gaming Table. By Lacon in Exile.

Hocus Pocus and Legerdemain Improved. From the German of Prince Hohenlohe; by an eminent English Quack.

A New Manual of Devotions, containing Fashionable Ejaculations and Oaths, adapted to every occasion.

Motto—*Cursus atque recursus*.

Philosophical Reflections on the Vanity of Beauty. By a Plain Lady.

The Theory of Ante-nuptial Harmony and Matrimonial Counterpoint, with some Remarks on Discords. By a Distinguished Composer.

Delicate Liaisons. By a Platonist. To which is added, an Apology for a Faux Pas.

The Pleasures of Punning; a Poem. By the Author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, and intended as a Sequel to that work. Foolscap.

A Series of Discourses on Matrimonial Predestination, Metaphysical Courtship, and the Eternity of Love. By a Very Young Lady.

The Sportsman's and Sportswoman's Guide, or Hunting in all its Branches; viz. Husband-hunting, Fortune-hunting, Preference-hunting, Dinner-hunting, Compliment-hunting, &c. By an Old Whipper-in.

Humbug made Easy; or the Art of Humbugging Simplified, and adapted to the comprehension of Children of Five and Six Years Old. By a Friend to the Rising Generation.

A Treatise on Segars; with Sundry Observations on Smoking and Puffing. By Sir Morgan Odoherty, Bart.

Discoveries in Dandyism, and Essays on Politeness and Small-Talk. By Sir H. D.—y, F. R. S. &c. &c.

The Beauties of Quakerism. By Mrs. O. P.

An Address to the Public on the Necessity of establishing a Moral Quarantine, for Travellers returning from the Continent. By John Bull, Esq.

Optimism, or Public Abuses proved to be National Blessings. By a Sinecurist, and an Unpaid Magistrate.

The Modern British Theatre, No. I. containing three Melodramas in the present fashionable taste, viz. A Tale of Damnation! The Festering Corpse, or the Charnel-House laid Open; and Sulphur and Brimstone, or the Infernal Banquet.

On Extensibility of Conscience, Impartiality, and Liberality. By Ebony, Junior.

A Full and Circumstantial Narrative of the Reverend Rioting at the Scotch Chapel. Published by order of the Society for Propagating the Gospel.

Rational Economy, or the Art of Living on 300*l.* per Annum, with an Income of 50,000*l.*; and also the Art of Living at the rate of 50,000*l.* a-year with an Income of not so many hundreds.

Edifying Sunday-Morning Lessons; being a Series of Extracts from 'The John Bull.' By a Dignitary of the Church. With numerous texts from Scripture, proving that Private Slander is perfectly compatible with Orthodox Christian Charity.

The New Holy Alliance; or, Brewers, Brothel-keepers, and Magistrates. Dedicated to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Strictures on Female Character. By a Fleet-Street Watchman.

The Army converted to Quakerism. By George Hale, Esq. Humbly dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

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The Alarm; or, Vauxhall in Danger! With a frontispiece, representing 'one modest woman dancing in the gardens.' In this work, considerable *light* will be thrown on the dark walks; and a variety of piquant anecdotes will be introduced.

A New Treatise on Mechanics; Part I. containing Mechanics as applied to Modern Poetry.

On the Necessity for a Censorship of the Press. A posthumous work of the late Lord Byron.

A Grammar of Infinite Nonsense, or Mystification trebly Mistified.

Designs for New Churches in the Gingerbread, Flummery, and Piecrust Styles. By Sir Paragon Patch'em, Kt. and late Pastry-Cook. In this work will be given rules for making public edifices look paltry, diminutive, and insignificant; as practised by the greatest modern professors.

Original Poetry.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Written during a severe storm of rain, while seated under the projecting trunk of a very fine willow, near West Mill, Foxearth, Essex, Sept. 7, 1824.

Weeping willow! I thank thee for keeping me dry,

Whilst the storm in its fury pass'd fearfully by, Where thou bendest in beauty across the pure wave,

In which thy green branches so gracefully lave.

Oh! long may thy trunk o'er the wanderer bend,

And be to him, what oft'n is wanted, a friend;

And long may thy branches, amid summer's beam,

Dance in silvery spray on the Stour's gentle stream.

And long may it be, ere the woodman's rude blow

Shall lay all thy honours, unfeelingly, low;

My spring-time awaken thy opening bud,

And summer reflect all thy grace in the flood.

Thus wishes the bard, who, beneath thy old form

Was protected, and sav'd from the force of the storm;

And, if ever again near thy trunk he should be,

He will find an old friend, weeping willow, in thee!

J. M. LACEY.

LORD BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

'We have been indebted to a friend,' says The Morning Chronicle, 'for the following immortal verses of Lord Byron, the last he ever composed. Four of the lines have already appeared in an article in The Westminster Review.'

Messolonghi, Jan 22, 1824.

'On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year.'

Time this heart should be unmoved,

Since others it has ceased to move;

Yet, though I cannot be beloved,

Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,

The flowers and fruits of love are gone,

The worm, the canker, and the grief,

Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,

Is like to some volcanic isle,

Whose torch is kindled at its blaze;—

A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor
now—

Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece!—she is awake!—
Awake, my spirit,—think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood—unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth,—why live?—
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best.
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE, after a much longer recess than usual, opened, for the season, on Saturday last, with the opera of *The Marriage of Figaro*. The house has undergone no alteration, but has been cleaned, and looks as splendid as ever. It was rather injudicious, we think, in Mr. Elliston, to begin with an opera, when his chief vocal performers are in the country. The principal novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Miss Graddon, from the Dublin theatre, in the character of Susannah, which she sustained very respectably. Her figure is rather *petite*, her countenance expressive, and her deportment graceful. She was encored in more than one of the songs. She was extremely well received, and has since repeated the performance with increased success. Of the other characters we shall say nothing. The opera was followed by a ballet, by the pupils of M. Hullin, children from four to fifteen years old. Some of them danced very well; and the youngest child danced a *pas seul*, which has been more than once encored.

On Thursday (plague on Thursday performances!), after the little lively comedy of *Simpson & Co.*, which was extremely well performed, a new equestrian spectacle was produced, entitled, *The Enchanted Courser, or The Sultan of Curdistan*. The original story is to be found in that fertile source for melo-

drama, the Arabian Nights. The following is an outline of it:—

Almazan, Prince of Persia (Mr. Penley), is betrothed to the Princess of Cachemine (Mrs. W. West). While the Persian court is rejoicing in anticipation of the royal nuptials, the Enchanter Almalic (Mr. Wallack), who, by the by, is, as it afterwards appears, also the Sultan of Curdistan, enters, with a wonderful horse,—a horse whose element is alike the air, the ocean, and the earth. He demands, in exchange for the animal, the affianced bride of the prince, at which the lover is very naturally enraged, and in his anger mounts the horse of the enchanter, which bears him instantly through the clouds. The enchanter then informs the agonized father, that his son will never return, as he is ignorant of the art by which the horse is governed. The prince, however, discovers the secret by chance, and, returning, brings with him his bride. The enchanter contrives to steal both her and the horse, and conveys her to his palace of Curdistan.—The plot is terminated by the attempt of the prince to regain the lady, and he succeeds through the agency of Babouc, the slave of the enchanter, assisted by the ghost of a murdered brother of the aforesaid sultan.

Such is the story, which is slight enough, but the dialogue is much worse, and the attempts at humour are complete failures. Some of the scenery is, however, very beautiful, and a procession, which, though much too long, was splendid and well managed, would have gone off very well, but for the clanging noise of a pair of cymbals, made by one of the men, for we will not call him a musician. The magic garden was a very beautiful scene. The announcement that Mr. Ducrow's stud of horses, and Mr. Ducrow himself, would appear, gave promise of some good equestrian exercises: but, unhappily, neither the horses nor their riders had any opportunity of display, and we confess we never saw so bad an use made of such good materials. The attempt to represent the enchanted horse flying in the air was a complete failure; considerable disapprobation was manifested during the evening, and when the curtain dropped, and Mr. Wallack asked leave to repeat it, the noes had it.

The *Enchanted Courser* is stated, in the daily papers, to be the production of Mr. Croly; if this is really the case, and we see no reason to doubt it, the reverend gentleman must no longer say, as he does in his comedy, 'our pride shall have no fall.'

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—*Der Frieschütz, et preterea nihil!* and why any thing else, the managers will say, when it draws full houses every night.

Literature and Science.

We have just seen a Greek medal of Lord Byron, which presents an authentic and highly-finished portrait of the illustrious poet, struck upon the principle of the Syracusan medals of antiquity, by Mr. A. J. Stothard. Its fidelity has been acknowledged by several of his lordship's intimate friends, and the medal promises to be worthy of a place among the finest productions of modern art.

Mr. Starkie's long-expected work on the Law of Evidence, we understand, will appear in the course of the ensuing Michaelmas term. In this treatise, Mr. S. proposes to consider the practice of the law of England on the subject of judicial proof, and the principles and branches of law connected with it.

Chronometers.—The indispensable use of the chronometer in determining longitude at sea is well known. It has therefore become an object with the government of this country, and of every other maritime state, to render this instrument as perfect as possible.—The variation of a few seconds from mean time might occasion in the navigator a mistake of some miles, and consequently, on a dangerous coast, or in a dark night, render the loss of life and property inevitable. The lords of the admiralty, alive to the importance of the subject, offered last year a premium of £300 for the best chronometer; and the eagerness of the competition excited exceeded greatly the value of the reward. No less than thirty-six instruments, made by the most eminent watchmakers in London, were sent to the Royal Observatory, at Greenwich. Their respective rates of going were observed with the most rigorous astronomical accuracy, and carefully noted in the books of the Observatory.—The approximation of some of them to perfect accuracy will easily be admitted, when we mention that the one which obtained the prize, (Mr. Murray's of Cornhill, No. 816) did not vary in its mean daily rate more than one second eleven hundred parts of a second for one year. This instrument purchased by the lords of the admiralty, and is now with Captain Parry on the Polar expedition.—*Times*.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	4 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Oct. 22	50	59	54	29 94	Cloudy.
.... 23	52	60	55	.. 98	Do.
.... 24	55	62	60	.. 82	Fair.
.... 25	57	60	55	.. 56	Showery.
.... 26	55	56	47	.. 30	Stormy.
.... 27	47	56	50	.. 60	Fair.
.... 28	49	57	50	.. 76	Cloudy.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length of our review of Lord Byron's Conversations has unavoidably excluded several articles promised insertion; they shall appear in our next—Errata: p. 667, c. 2, last line, for 'slation,' read 'station'; 680, c. 2, l. 5, for 'hostis,' read 'hostis'; 682, c. 3, l. 15, for 'trotten,' read 'batten.'

Works published since our last notice.—Greece in 1823-1824, by the Hon. Col Stanhope, 13s. 6d. Friendship's Off-ring, for 1825, 12s. Rameses, an Egyptian Tale, 3 vols. 12 10s. Buncle's Life, 3 vols. 12 10s. Turner's Medico-Chirurgical Education, 8vo. 12s. Eikon Basilike, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. Evangelical Rambler, vol. 2, 3s. 6d. Barrow's School Bible, 7s. Mitchell's Scotsman's Library, 10s. 6d. Middleton's Free Inquiry and Letter from Rome, 8vo. 12s. Tales of the Vicarage, 2s. Education at Home, 2s. 6d. Thomson's Lunar Tables, royal 8vo. 10s. Herodotus, Literal Translation, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Chandler's Life of Johnson, 6s. Edmiston's Patmos, and other Poems, 3s. Excursions in Cornwall, foolscap, 12s.; medium, 12 4s.; royal, 12 13s. Powers's Miscellaneous Poems, 2 vols. 14s. Allen's History of Lambeth, Part 1, 12 10s. 8vo. 15s. The Robber Chieftain, 4 vols. 12 2s. Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

This day is published, in three vols. post 8vo. price 30s. boards,

RAMESES; AN EGYPTIAN TALE: with Historical Notes of the Era of the Pharaohs. Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.

NARRATIVE OF LORD BYRON'S VOYAGE TO CORSICA AND SARDINIA, during the Summer and Autumn of the Year 1821. Compiled from Minutes made during the Voyage by the Passengers, and Extracts from the Journal of his Lordship's Yacht, the *Mazeppa*, kept by Capt. Benson, R. N. Commander. London: published by J. Limbird, 143, Strand.

On the 1st of November will be published, a Christmas and New-Year's Present, to be entitled

HOMMAGE AUX DAMES; embellished with Six Superb Engravings from the following subjects:—L'Amour Dominateur and The Aurora of Guido—The Holy Family of Raffaele and the Mid day of Claude Lorraine; also Two Original Designs by Thomas Stothard, Esq. R. A.—The Work, besides Original Contributions in Prose and Poetry from several popular living Writers, will contain some Original Poems, by Lord Byron, never before published, a Piece of Original Music, an engraved Vignette Title-page, and Thirty-two engraved Pages for Memoranda, &c. London: John Letts, Jun., 32, Cornhill.

NEW AND IMPROVED EDITIONS.

Just published,

THE MORNING AND EVENING SACRIFICE; or, Prayers for Private Persons and Families. Third Edition. Beautifully printed in post 8vo. 10s. 6d. and demy 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

—The language of these prayers is pure, and much more simple and becoming than that of any similar work which has yet fallen under our eye.—*Scottish Episcopal Review and Magazine*.

—As to the volume before us, it is a highly respectable performance in every point of view. The forms of devotion are preceded by two Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, written with great neatness, and ably illustrating the different petitions in that compendium.—*New Evangelical Magazine*.

—We conclude with strongly recommending the Morning and Evening Sacrifice as a book eminently calculated to promote either private or family devotion, and which cannot fail to elevate the minds of all who peruse it with sincerity and attention.—*Monthly Literary Register*.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Geo. B. Whittaker, London.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, for the 1st of November, will be embellished with a Portrait of Charles X. King of France, and contain, besides the usual Scientific and Literary Intelligence, the following original articles:—Memoir of Charles X.; an Essay on the Genius of Mrs. Hemans; the Periodical Press; Review of New Publications.—The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah, &c. &c.; Thoughts on Education; Pirate Captain; An Epistle from an Old Lamp to a Gas Light; Smiles and Tears; The Moss-Rose; Unpublished Sidney MSS.; Kenilworth Castle; Scrapiana—Feeling, The Silent Woman, On the Death of Riego, Monimia Thornton, The Dying Exile, A Stratagem of an Insane Lover, Sweet Sounds of a Rural Eve, Dialogue between Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, and Jack Ketch, Town Empty; Fine Arts, Literary Intelligence, &c. &c.—The December number will be embellished with a Portrait of the venerable Archdeacon Wingham.

N. B. A Catalogue of nearly 500 landed estates, on Sale or to Let, which accompanies the present number, will be regularly continued every month.

Published by Sherwood, Jones, and Co., Paternoster Row. Price 2s.

On the 1st of November will be published, Part 2, price 5s. of

THE PHILOMATHIC JOURNAL AND LITERARY REVIEW. Conducted by the Members of the Philomathic Institution, containing a variety of Original Compositions, Reviews of several Popular Works, &c. &c.

London: published by Longman, Hurst, and Co., Paternoster Row; Wheatley and Adlard, 108, Strand; and Cox, 11, Berners Street, Oxford Street; sold also by Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; Wardlaw and Cunningham, Glasgow; and Hodges and M'Arthur, Dublin.

This day is published, in 18mo. price 5s. neatly bound, **SELECT PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS;** on Religion, Virtue, and Learning; Laws, Government, and Public Affairs; Economy, Manners, and Riches; Women, Love, and Wedlock; Health and Diet; Husbandry and Weather; English Local Proverbs; Proverbial Rhymes, Familiar Phrases, Similes, Old Saws, &c. &c. with Notes and Comments. To which is added, a Summary of Ancient Pastimes, Holydays, and Customs, with an Analysis of the Wisdom of the Ancients, and of the Fathers of the Church. The whole arranged on a new Plan.

By THOMAS FIELDING.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

—This is really a very neat, clever, and interesting little volume; the proverbs are well selected, and present a great variety, not only of subject, but of languages in which they have originated.—*Literary Chronicle*.

—We cannot but say that there is a great deal of wisdom in this little volume.—*Literary Gazette*.

—A very pleasant and useful little book has just been published. The compiler has made his selection with judgment, and the original remarks interspersed are often very amusing.—*Examiner*.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.

ON THE NOBILITY OF THE BRITISH GENTRY; or, the Political Rank and Dignities of the British Empire compared with those on the Continent; for the use of Foreigners in Great Britain and of Britons Abroad.

By SIR JAMES LAWRENCE,

Knight of Malta.

—“Fit nobilis, nascitur generosus,” is the principle upon which this curious and often-momentous tract is written.—“Every person going abroad should read it.”—*Gents. Mag.*, 1824.

London: printed for T. Hookham, Old Bond Street.

This day is published, in crown 8vo. price 8s.

CASTLE BAYNARD; or, The Days of John: an Historical Romance.

By HAL WILLIS, Student at Law.

—It is evident that great attention has been paid to the manners, customs, and costume of the times. The respective characters are drawn with great discrimination, they are in perfect dramatic keeping; and many of the scenes are so disposed as to produce a very striking effect. We hope, ere long, to find the author expatiating in a wider field.—*La Belle Assemblée*.

Printed for G. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

On the 18th November will be published, by W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street,

THE CAMBRIAN PLUTARCH: comprising Memoirs of some of the most eminent Welshmen, from the earliest times to the present.

By JOHN H. PARRY, Esq.

One vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

REVELATIONS OF THE DEAD ALIVE, from the pen of a successful Dramatic Writer. One thick vol. small 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER, with two Discourses on interesting and important Subjects: by the Rev. Luke Booker, L. L. D. F. R. S. L. and Vicar of Dudley; in one vol. duodecimo, 4s. 6d. boards. Early in December, in one vol. 12mo. with numerous illustrative engravings.

AN ORIGINAL SYSTEM OF COOKERY and CONFECTIONARY; comprising the varieties of English and Foreign Practice, founded on more than thirty years' practical experience in Families of the first distinction, by Conrade Cooke.

London:—Published by Davidson, at No. 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Ray, Creed Lane; Richardson, Cornhill; Chapple, Pall Mall; Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, 16, Serle's Place, Carey Street.